

LIFE



GREAT BRITAIN'S QUEEN

JANUARY 1, 1940

10 CENTS

The White Sales bring cargoes of new Cannon Towels



For instance: This pretty shell-pink bathroom might use the water lily pattern in green Americannon texture towels. The pattern is sculptured in the texture, and Cannon now has texture towels as low as 69c. Other new Americannons on the halyard above, 29c and up.



Just arrived "in port"

—which means your favorite store: the new Cannon towels for the White Sales. And what a cargo of warm southern color and fresh, flowery design! You'll be as glad to see *them* as they are to see *you*!

What's the ship's news?

Why, the Americannon Series in Cannon towels! All the quaint old blossoms and bowknots and quilt patterns revived. And Stitchery Borders that look like bands of satin-stitch embroidery across the ends of the towels. And towels in *shaded* texture.

And what colors are aboard?

The very color you've been wanting for a new blend in the bathroom. Deeptones, Cleartones or Cameo Pastels . . . more than 15 different colors and combinations.

Take your pick of the treasures!

Every pretty pattern is a true Cannon product, with firm weave, close loops, strong selvages, fast colors. And because Cannon makes so many towels (in the world's largest towel mills) they can give you wider variety and better values from 25c to \$2. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York.

Cannon Towels



CANNON TOWELS • CANNON SHEETS • CANNON PURE SILK HOSIERY
NEWS! Cannon hosiery . . . pure silk . . . full-fashioned . . . sheer and clear and lovely. Buy it in the Handy Pack at your favorite store.



Pontiac

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR



Illustrating the De Luxe Eight 4-Door Touring Sedan \$970*

Remember these simple facts...

and we believe you'll buy a Pontiac

LET'S SUPPOSE it's *quality* you want. Well—to get a finer car than a Pontiac, you would have to pay considerably more than a Pontiac costs.

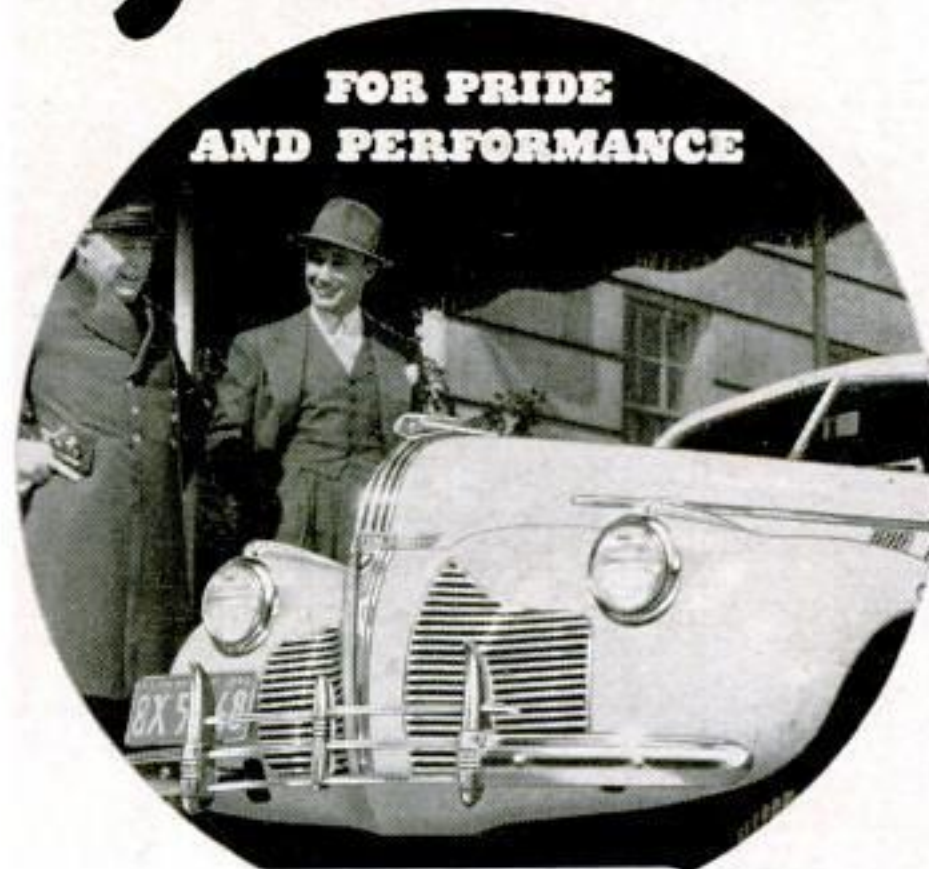
Let's suppose it's *economy* you want. Well—the cheapest car you can buy won't prove any more economical, over the years of ownership, than a Pontiac.

Doesn't that define what course you ought to follow? Surely, when you can get a car so fine, at a cost so slightly above the lowest, its choice is clearly indicated.

You can easily check these facts for yourself. Ten minutes at the wheel of a Pontiac will give you a line on how infinitely better it is than cars costing less. And ten minutes with a pad and pencil will give you a line on Pontiac economy.

Why not see your Pontiac dealer today? The longer you wait, the more you'll miss!

\$783 and up, *delivered at Pontiac, Michigan. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. General Motors terms to suit your purse.



This One



K6A3-TRL-EUEW

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FAMILY FAVORITE
FOR OVER
FIFTY YEARS



CLICQUOT CLUB
PALE DRY . . . GOLDEN GINGER ALE
CLUB SODA

50 Years a Favorite



St. Petersburg, since its beginning, has been designed and built as a community dedicated to "better living." In addition to a marvelous climate and a beautiful seaside location, it offers most of the attractions and advantages which are listed among the "best things of life." All kinds of sport and entertainment. Accommodations to fit every budget. Come for a vacation this winter. For booklets, write H. K. Neal, Chamber of Commerce—

ST. PETERSBURG
FLORIDA . . . THE Sunshine City

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Miss Marglen's Fingernails

Sirs:

When today's LIFE (Dec. 11) arrived, I was consumed with deep regret. I had my appendix removed several years ago. Alas—had I only had a little foresight! I



MARGLEN FINGERNAILS

could have had it gold-plated and made into a brooch.

Then I would have felt quite at home with Juliette Marglen, of the barbaric fingernails!

ELIZABETH ANDREW

Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

I am very thankful for your photograph of Juliette Marglen's fingernails. It showed my high-school daughter what may happen to her if she's careful!

MRS. G. C. FLEMING

Oroville, Calif.

Sirs:

I fair got excited thinking of bigger and better enterprises for Miss Marglen.

Why not stop bathing for a year or two, and eventually sell the bath water, bottled, to some admiring group in Hollywood?

MRS. L. D. WEST

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

In an obscure corner of the Museum of the American Indian in New York I once found a necklace of human finger ends.

Yours for newer and grislier horrors,
VIOLET MOORE HIGGINS

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

We admit the nails of Juliette Marglen are extraordinary, fantastic, devastating and slightly nauseating. However, there is just one thing I want to know—how did she ever pull her girdle on?

You know it just can't be done with fingernails halfway that long.

YVETTE DE GUICHE

Columbus, Ohio

● Miss Marglen says she pulled on her girdle by bending her fingers at the second joint and gripping the girdle be-

tween ball of the thumb and side of the forefinger. She used her knuckles to dial telephones, cream her face, push buttons, etc. The nails were a help in curling her hair. The one thing she could not do was pick up coins.—ED.

Not Shocking Enough?

Sirs:

I have been wanting to do this for a long time, not because I wanted to see any "article" of mine published (Heaven forbid—my maiden aunt would pass out if she knew I even thought that which I am going to say to you) but because I really believe I express the thoughts of a lot of my fellow subscribers. I will not try to be witty or funny but will try to tell you exactly why I didn't mail that airmail subscription card.

My first acquaintance with LIFE was when I saw LIFE BEGINS. I liked it. I sent in my money right away and could hardly wait until you had those new presses installed so that people could buy LIFE and leave my copies alone.

Every week when I picked up the new LIFE I wondered "what will LIFE do this week to shock the people?" I looked forward to these first copies. I have two daughters in their teens, and never once did I hide my copy or tear out any pages. Never have I seen anything vulgar in LIFE, unless it be some of the letters the people send in. The things in LIFE were just different. We liked them.

You put these pictures in LIFE to build a long list of subscribers. When the list was large enough you quit. I think that in doing that you let your old subscribers down. Sure you got letters from Y.M.C.A., churches and hundreds of other organizations, but still you couldn't get out enough copies to fill your orders.

We don't want anything "dirty" but just like the copies you put out to build your subscription list.

If you want to use this letter to start an argument with, fine, but leave my name out. Remember my aunt.

(NAME WITHHELD)

Olympia, Wash.

● Does anyone care to start an argument?—ED.

Slip

Sirs:

Page 89, Dec. 11 LIFE: "a hand-operated bolt which must be worked between each shot."

It's a good trick if you can do it, but just how do you go about doing anything between a shot?

P. J. FAULKNER

Flushing, N. Y.

Explorers' Life

Sirs:

Together with many other explorers I am greatly concerned about an article which appeared in the Oct. 30 issue of LIFE on the subject of Admiral Byrd. It may well create an unfortunate public impression as to the motives which send explorers into the field and the financial profits to be gained from expeditions. No man is a really successful explorer unless he is born to it; unless it is so much in his blood that he can't be happy doing anything else. Columbus was that way; and Peary, Amundsen, Scott, Shackleton, together with all the front-rank explorers of today.

It is not an easy road to travel. First is the problem of financing the expedition. Discouragements, heartbreaking work and nervous strain are one's daily portion. Once in the field there are the long separations from family and friends; physical hardships and often risk of life. No man can endure the things which he must face unless he is impelled by a far greater desire than the wish for fame or money.

I personally conducted explorations in Central Asia on a large scale. That series of expeditions cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, every cent of which I had to raise myself. When at last we

were in the field I was well nigh a nervous wreck.

The only revenue which I derived from the many years we spent in the Gobi Desert was from the sale of motion picture rights, magazine articles and books, from lectures and radio talks. It gave me a decent living but it would seem that even an explorer is entitled to that. One can't support a family on fame, and medals, even if they are of gold, are hard to digest. When the comparatively few years of active exploration life are ended, a man is usually unfit for any other job. He must have something to keep him off the WPA in his declining years. I believe that if any of the front rank explorers of this day had devoted the same amount of complete devotion to a single purpose, the time, and energy and enthusiasm to business life, he could have been independently wealthy.

There are ethics in our profession which are pretty hard and fast. I don't believe that any reputable modern explorer has ever sold names on the map. I know that the generous individuals who supported my expeditions would have been insulted had I offered that in return for their financial support.

In conclusion let me say that the man who is impelled to become an explorer through desire for fame or fortune has made a fatal mistake. He won't make the fortune, that's certain. Equally sure is the fact that he can never be a good explorer.

ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS

The American Museum of Natural

History

New York, N. Y.

● Dr. Andrews, director of the American Museum of Natural History, speaks with the authority of one of the world's top explorers. He is most famous for his work in the Gobi Desert.—ED.

Rockefeller's Birthplace

Sirs:

In LIFE, Nov. 27, there appeared an article on German-Americans and a photograph of the Johann Rockefeller



"GODLESS TOWN"

memorial stone in Ohio where "in 1839 John D. Rockefeller was born."

The village of Richford, N. Y. claims this honor (see picture).

CURT FOERSTER

Ithaca, N. Y.

● LIFE's apologies to Richford for robbing the village of its rightful claim to fame. Richford is prouder of Rockefeller than Rockefeller was of Richford. John T. Flynn records in *God's Gold* that "... John D., when he was a great figure, told his fashionable Cleveland minister, Dr. Eaton, that he was glad he had not grown up in Richford, that it was an irreligious and godless town."—ED.

Spanish Hero

Sirs:

In your issue of Dec. 18 you refer to José Primo de Rivera as "a wild young man who greatly disliked the rabble."

I knew him in the 20's when he had

GOOD TASTE



Get relief from coughs due to colds without swallowing bad-tasting medicine. Smith Bros. Cough Drops taste delicious. Cost only 5¢.

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A

Vitamin A (Carotene) raises the resistance of mucous membranes of nose and throat to cold infections, when lack of resistance is due to Vitamin A deficiency.



taken his B. A., and was reading for the Bar, and he was my secretary while I was in Spain and Portugal. He was intelligent, studious, and exceptionally mature for so young a man, and a very pleasant and helpful associate.

I recall one evening. Our train had stopped at the Portuguese-Spanish frontier, and appeared to be delayed. José and I were walking on the platform. The conductor approached, bowed to Primo de Rivera, and informed him that whenever he and his American friend were ready the train would proceed. At this time José's father was Dictator of Spain. José thanked the guard, but told him that a train should be held for no one, and that his father would be seriously annoyed if he knew that his son had caused a delay.

I find it hard to believe that since I knew him Primo de Rivera's character had so altered. He wished for a democratic and free Spain, and, next to communism he abhorred fascism.

LORING PICKERING

Pacific-Union Club
San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

I was very much interested in your reference to the fact that body of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of Spain's dictator under the monarchy, was carried to El Escorial and buried beside Spanish kings.

When I visited El Escorial at one time, there was one remaining crypt open, presumably for Alfonso. This was taken as an omen that he would be the last Spanish king.

I wondered if by any chance José Antonio Primo de Rivera could have occupied that crypt.

CHARLES C. SPINK & SON

The Sporting News
Saint Louis, Mo.

● No. The kingly crypt still awaits Alfonso. A special crypt was built for José Antonio Primo de Rivera.—ED.

Wind

Sirs:

If I read aright through my new bifocals, your publication had the crassness to say of Lawrence, Kan., "It is very much like New England except the wind blows all the time" (LIFE, Dec. 11). Personally I find no one quality which typifies this particular portion of New



THETAS READING LETTERS

England quite so well as the fact that the wind blows all the time.

In re all sisters of a sorority beginning to look alike, after a time: at Stanford (Godblessit) all Pi Phis are popeyed (Godblessem).

The picture of the girls on the staircase reading the morning mail is very enlightening. Moral: never write a Theta a letter you can't chill beer on!

J. D. SNEED

Harvard University
Graduate School of Business
Administration
Boston, Mass.

Nehru of India

Sirs:

Congratulations on your splendid article on Nehru of India (LIFE, Dec. 11). I have never seen a more intelligent pres-

entation of the Indian problem. The Gunthers may very well stick to Asia because they have shown they know that continent. Leave Europe and her problems to less gifted men.

FRANK D. DONOHUE

Cambridge, Mass.

Sirs:

As another couple who passed through India once on a time, we enjoyed the Gunthers' article on Nehru of India but were surprised greatly to read of "black-clad widows."

That white is the widow's color in India was our recollection.

Originally white saris may look black after they have been worn for several years. Maybe the Gunthers saw some dirty saris! That is possible.

WILBUR L. & BESSIE H. WILLIAMS
Scranton-Keystone Junior College
La Plume, Pa.

● Widows' weeds in India are more often white than black. But both are common.—ED.

Sirs:

Three cheers for your article on Nehru and India!

It's about time somebody called attention to the hypocrisy of our beloved English cousins!

You may quote me, if you wish!

V. J. GALLION

New York, N.Y.

No Socks!

Sirs:

Replying to letter in Dec. 18 issue of LIFE with regard to the wearing of "half-Wellington" boots by British naval officers, it has always been understood that this was done to eliminate the necessity for wearing socks! It is a well-known fact that British sailors wear high-topped shoes with no socks.

DAVID J. ANSON

Long Beach, Calif.

Against Sororities

Sirs:

I wonder what other readers think of your glorification of college fraternities and sororities. Back in unenlightened 1916 I joined a sorority, the so-called best one on the campus. The "dopes" who didn't fit our superficial pattern and were never asked to house parties are now the leading citizens.

I was really glad when I heard that sororities and fraternities were going out of fashion in the big Eastern colleges. You see, I was a snob at college—if you weren't you didn't get in the "right" house. After I left college I realized what a limiting, negative influence the thing was.

Two years ago the best fraternity out here had eight refusals (maybe it was four). The young people were getting hold of democratic principles that we lacked.

Now LIFE comes along—you're an influence, you know. You make fraternities and sororities sound like—well, like what they're not . . . but you give the impression that not to belong is to miss a lot. As a matter of fact, it does mean missing a lot of dull talk, petty people and being forced to spend all your time with snobs and hangers-on of snobs.

ALICE RICHARDS

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sadie Hawkins & the Bible

Sirs:

I have just read with much interest the article on Sadie Hawkins Day in your Dec. 11 issue.

I was particularly interested in the slogan you quote from Daniel, XII, 4: "Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."

It seems to me the Texas Wesleyan Bible students would find this one more appropriate—found in Jeremiah, V, 1: "Run ye to and fro through the streets, . . . and see now, and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man."

TED ROBINSON

Kershaw, S.C.

Does Body-odor give you INFERIORITY COMPLEX?



Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then you'll decide to bathe in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love!

A MAN's love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you think he's yours, something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love!

A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor!

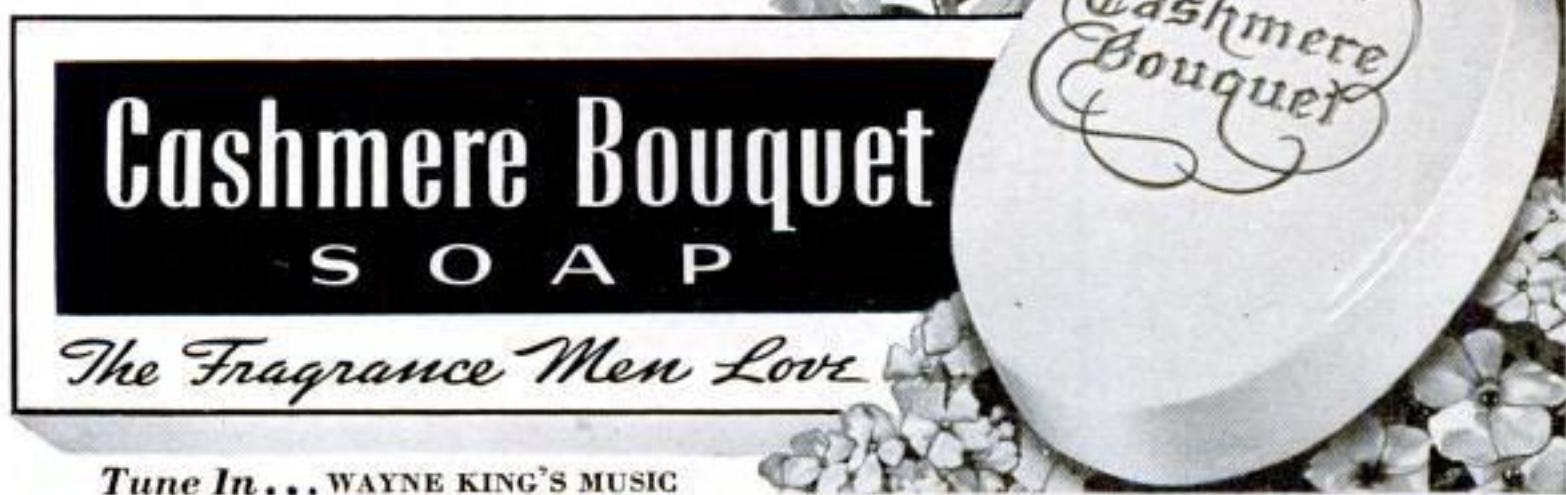
Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get 3 cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 for 25¢

Wherever fine
soaps are sold



Tune In . . . WAYNE KING'S MUSIC
AND SEVEN FREE DIAMOND RINGS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, 8:30, E. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK

Brilliant performance founded on

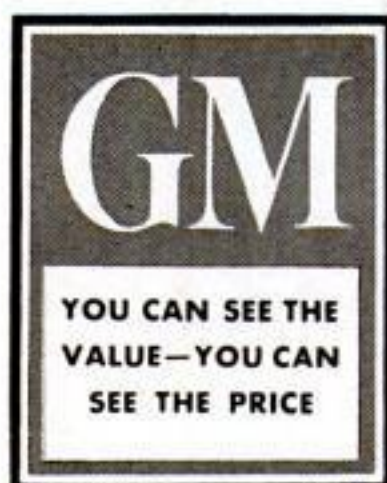
MANY are the ways in which the brilliant performance of the 1940 General Motors cars increases your pleasure in driving an automobile.

Engines are smoother and livelier. Steering wheels are light in your hand. Shifting has been made a matter of finger work.

But it is not alone in power and acceleration and handling ease that General Motors engineers have again demonstrated their resourcefulness.

You find it expressed in the very kind and quality of the metals used, in the precision with which part works with part—in the durable strength and merit they have given to bodies and frames and running gears.

The new Unisteel Turret Top Bodies by Fisher are larger and roomier—and likewise stronger. Window openings are not only planned for better vision—but fitted with Safety Plate Glass to reduce eyestrain.



Seats are not only wider, but in many instances are made of new materials providing far greater comfort and greatly extended life.

And a most outstanding demonstration of General Motors ability to create value is a special and entirely new model available in several GM lines—it is not only the ultra in styling but encompasses within its new beauty all the newest improvements in structural design and in appointments.

We invite you to sample the brilliant action of the 1940 General Motors cars. And, since *price is necessarily a component of value, in everything you buy*, we invite you to look at the prices, clearly shown on the “plainview” price tag attached to each car on display.

Thus you see the value, thus you see the price — and the combination is bound to demonstrate that in General Motors cars brilliant performance is founded in greater *value* throughout the car.

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • LA SALLE • CADILLAC

Value



YOU CAN SEE THE VALUE.. AND YOU CAN SEE THE PRICE



Look at the 1940 cars offered by General Motors dealers and you will find in every detail of engineering and appointment plain evidence of their outstanding *value*.

Look at the "plainview" price tag on each car and you will likewise find every detail of the delivered price plainly shown.

It lists "PRICE OF CAR" which means the price the dealer charges you for the car itself including reimbursement for Federal Tax and his conditioning charge — "TRANSPORTATION CHARGE" which means a charge for transportation from

the factory to you, based on rail rates — "OPTIONAL EQUIPMENT AND ACCESSORIES" which means the dealer's charge for any extra equipment or accessories that you may elect to buy.

Value is always relative, in anything you buy. It necessarily involves the price you pay and what it includes.

So examine the new General Motors cars. Then study the price tags.

In this way you can see for yourself what your money buys and the abundant measure of *value* in General Motors cars.



SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . CECIL BEATON PHOTOGRAPHS THE QUEEN

Good photographs of England's Queen Elizabeth are rare. Like Mrs. Roosevelt, she always seems to suffer an injustice before the camera. Here published for the first time in America are recent portraits of Her Majesty which make her look like the charming and lovely lady she is. They were taken in Buckingham Palace by languid Cecil Beaton, England's No. 1 photographer of beautiful women. This royal assign-

ment marks the peak of Beaton's career, which began with his sisters and worked up to the Duchess of Windsor. His great photographic talent lies in his ability to pose his subjects before an elaborate background and endow them with a gentle glow of glamor.

Photographing Elizabeth in Buckingham Palace was right up his alley. Her Majesty posed in the big White and Blue drawing rooms, which are full of

richly brocaded furniture, elaborate crystal chandeliers, marble columns, fine Aubusson rugs. On the opposite page she sits in the White Drawing Room. She wears a shimmering dinner dress with a three-tiered skirt. The whole gown sparkles with gold sequins. Like the Blue Drawing Room (*see p. 8*), this room is in the state apartments of the big, uncomfortable London palace and is rarely seen by the general public.



In a queenly gown of heavy satin embroidered with pearls and diamonds, Elizabeth sits in the White Drawing Room.

She wears the Order of the Garter on her arm, the blue ribbon of the Garter across her chest. On the wall hangs the por-

trait of the late Queen Alexandra. The curious bird candelabra at right is also seen in the picture on the opposite page.

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Throughout 47 years we've adhered doggedly to the fundamental Florsheim platform, seeking always still better ways to make still better shoes. That's why each year's crop of Florsheims proves even finer than the last. It's the reason this year's Florsheim values are the greatest in our history! In these new Florsheims, you'll see surpassing skill in every seam . . . shoes that lead in looks and leathers . . . in longer wear and greater comfort. By every method of measurement, Florsheims give you more for your money. Illustrated, The EXMORE, \$8.95, S-898, \$11 and The HIGHLAND, S-894, \$8.95.

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SOME
HIGHER

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SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



In the White Drawing Room, the Queen stands near cylinder bureau, a French roll-top desk. Experts think Buckingham's expensive furnishings are poorly designed.



In the Blue Drawing Room, the Queen stands in front of honey-colored columns. The palace is full of clocks. One is a statue. You tell time by looking into its eyes.

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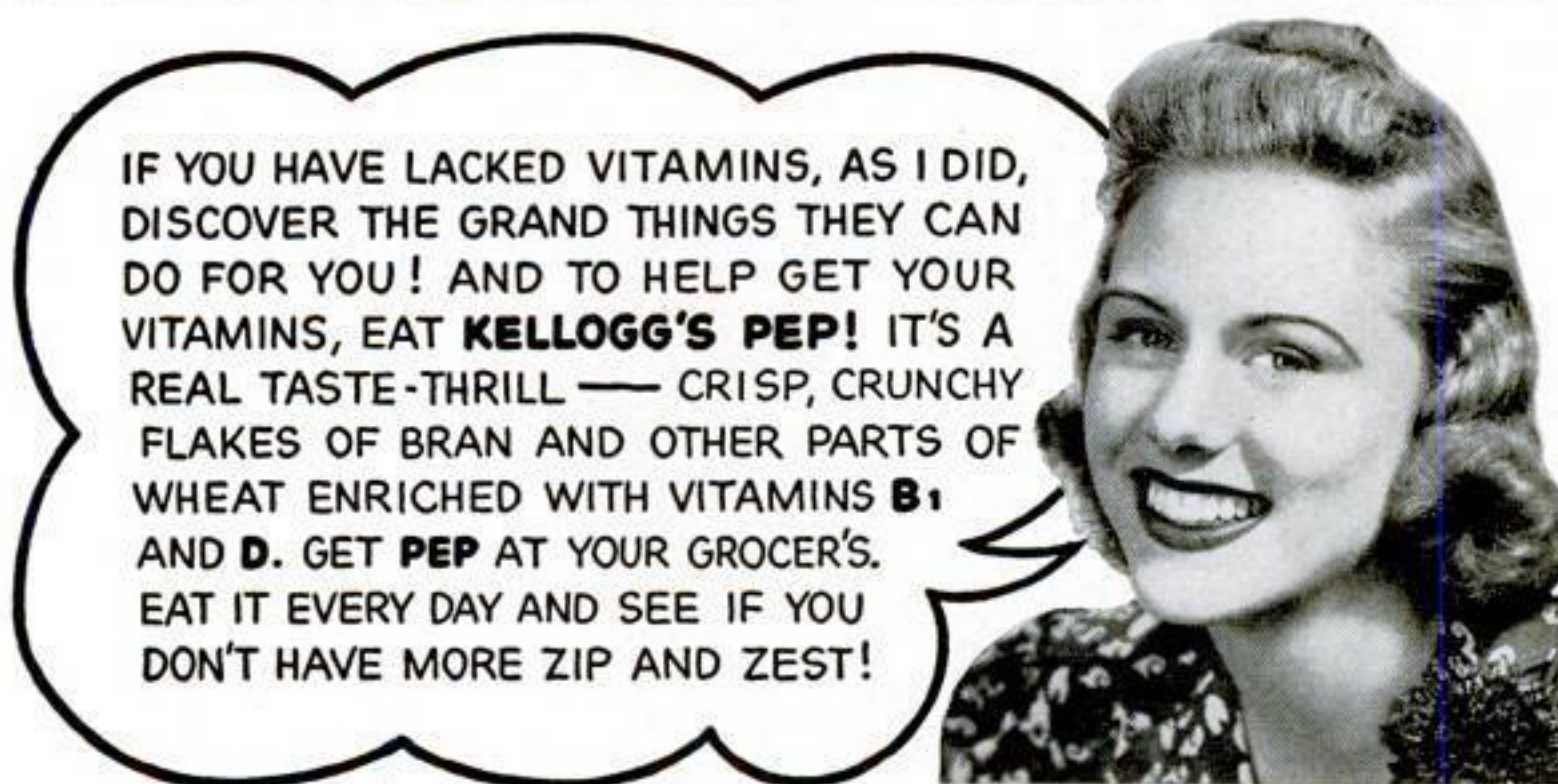
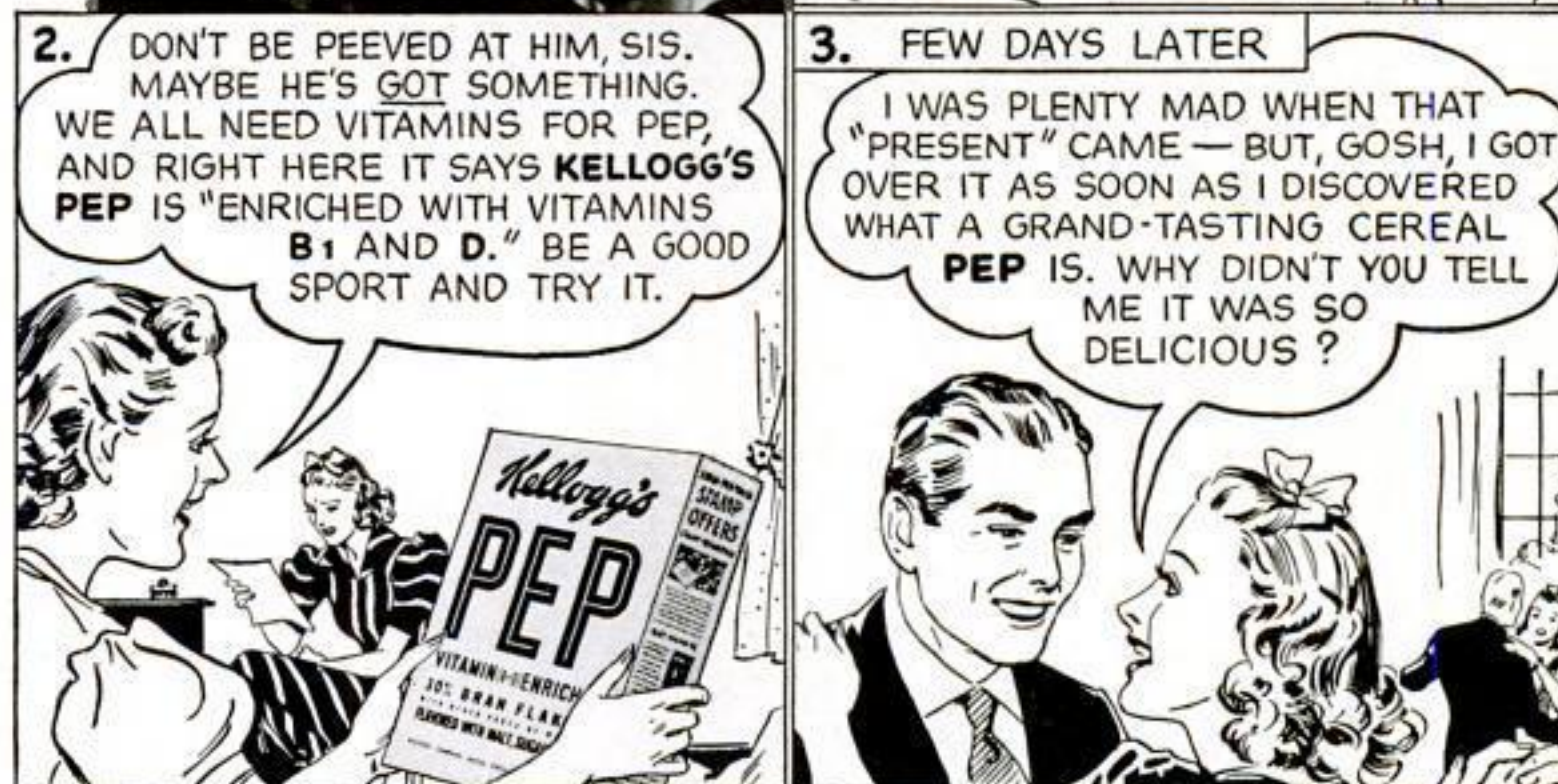
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LIFE'S COVER. In the photograph on the cover, Queen Elizabeth stands in the Blue Drawing Room of Buckingham Palace. Symbol of British womanhood in an England at war (see pp. 40-47), Elizabeth emerges in this Cecil Beaton photograph and in those on pages 6-8, as a sweet and beautiful Queen. The gown she wears was designed for her American tour last summer. This visit marked a milestone in Elizabeth's appearance. Always a pleasant-looking lady, her clothes were designed to make her a more glamorous sovereign.

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*Pep contains vitamins B₁ and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B₁, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.
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With CHEVROLET Gearshifting is

80% AUTOMATIC...

only 20% Driver Effort!

Only Chevrolet has the New Exclusive Vacuum-Power Shift... the only steering column gearshift that does 80% of the work for you and requires only 20% driver effort!

Almost all cars have steering column gearshifts today—but only *one* car has a steering column gearshift that is 80% automatic in operation—and that car is Chevrolet.

When you touch the lever of Chevrolet's New Exclusive Vacuum-Power Shift, you immediately *start something*—something that just isn't present in any other steering column gearshift!

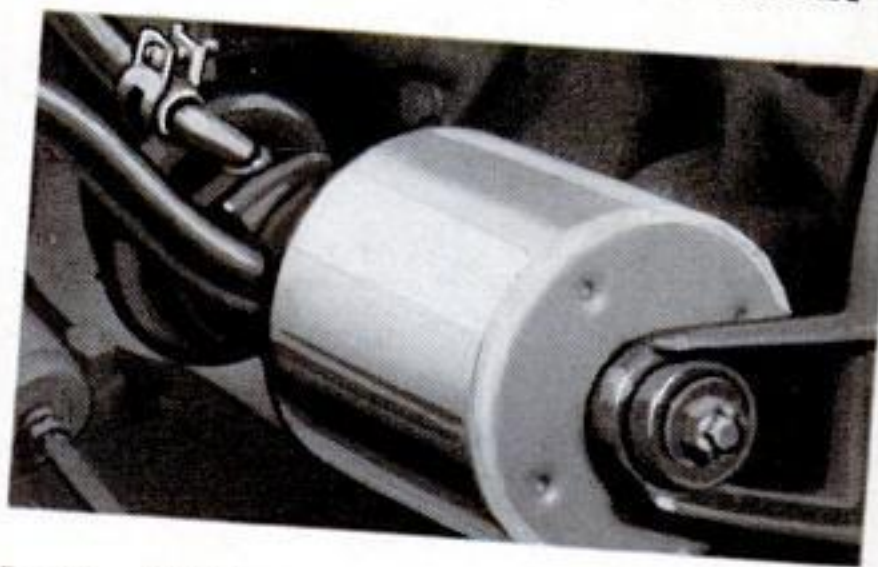
That "something" is a hidden power cylinder... which goes into action right away and automatically supplies 80% of the shifting effort... does the work for you instead of making you tug and push and do all the work yourself!

You can operate this vacuum-power shift with one finger... *without taking your hand off the steering wheel*... with much less effort and travel than are required to operate the ordinary steering column gearshift.

It's standard equipment on all Chevrolet models, at no extra cost. It's exclusive to Chevrolet for '40 among all cars regardless of price. It's another vitally important reason why "Chevrolet's FIRST Again!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICH.

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GERMAN CREWMEN DRAW AWAY FROM SCUTTLED "COLUMBUS" TOWARD HAVEN ABOARD U.S.S. "TUSCALOOSA." THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN BY SAILOR IN ANOTHER LIFEBOAT

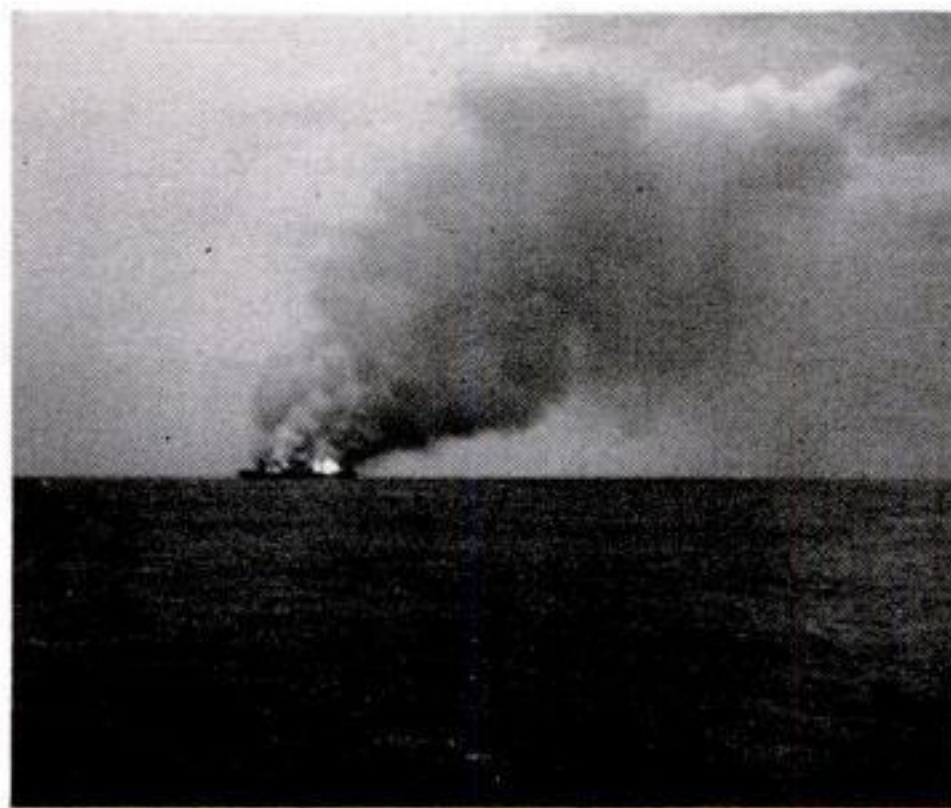
GERMANS SCUTTLE & RUN FROM BRITISH SEA MIGHT IN THE ATLANTIC

At noon on Dec. 14 the SS *Columbus*, third largest ship of the German merchant fleet, steamed out of Veracruz, Mexico, where it had been anchored since Sept. 4. Bound on a Caribbean cruise when the war began, and lacking fuel for the risky run home, it had disembarked its passengers in Havana and scurried to Veracruz for sanctuary. Too big for the harbor there, it had had to anchor outside where it had been constantly buffeted by wind and wave. To the crew's humiliation at hiding like a holed rabbit was added discomfort and bad food. Now, carrying only its German crew of 578, with fuel and stores enough for a 45-day voyage, the *Columbus* was setting out to try to dodge its way home through the British blockade.

The weather was good—much too good for a ship trying to escape the notice of British sea-hounds. A relay of American warships on neutrality patrol kept it under constant observation as it sailed north, and each one, as it dropped from view, would signal "Godspeed" and "Merry Christmas."

On Dec. 17 the *Columbus* crew heard by radio that, rather than fight it out with waiting British warships, the *Admiral Graf Spee* had been scuttled off Montevideo at Hitler's orders (see pp. 14-15). Two days later, about 450 miles off Cape May, N.J., while

the *Columbus* was being followed by the U. S. cruiser *Tuscaloosa*, a destroyer hove in view at 2:30 p.m. At 2:55 *Columbus* watchers made out a smudged Union Jack flying on it. The *Columbus* was unarmed, and a good 12 knots slower than the destroyer. Captain Wilhelm Daehne, who also had orders from Berlin, knew exactly what to do. For four weeks he



LAST VIEW OF "COLUMBUS," STILL BURNING AT DUSK

had been drilling his crew for just this contingency.

At 2:56 p.m. the captain ordered an alarm sounded. Most of the crew promptly sped to the boat deck, manned the lifeboats. Nineteen crewmen stayed behind for special jobs. At 3:05 the British destroyer fired two warning shots across the *Columbus*' bow. Captain Daehne at once ordered all but two lifeboats lowered, sent a team of ten men below to open the ship's sea cocks. Even with her valves open, it would take a ship the size of the *Columbus* two and a half hours to sink, and the captain was taking no chances. At 3:16 he sent another team of nine crewmen into action. Scurrying to cans of benzene which had been carefully spotted throughout the ship, they dumped them in such a way as to make a continuous wet trail from the ship's boat deck to its oil tanks. When that was done, one of them on the boat deck fired the trail with a Very pistol. Not until 3:55, when he was satisfied that his ship was unquenchably ablaze, did Captain Daehne climb down the rope ladder to the last lifeboat.

All but two members of the *Columbus*' crew, who had presumably slept through the alarm and been trapped, got safely aboard the *Tuscaloosa* and were taken to New York, there to be lodged on Ellis Island until authorities should decide what to do with them.



Old German hopes go down with the old queen of their fleet

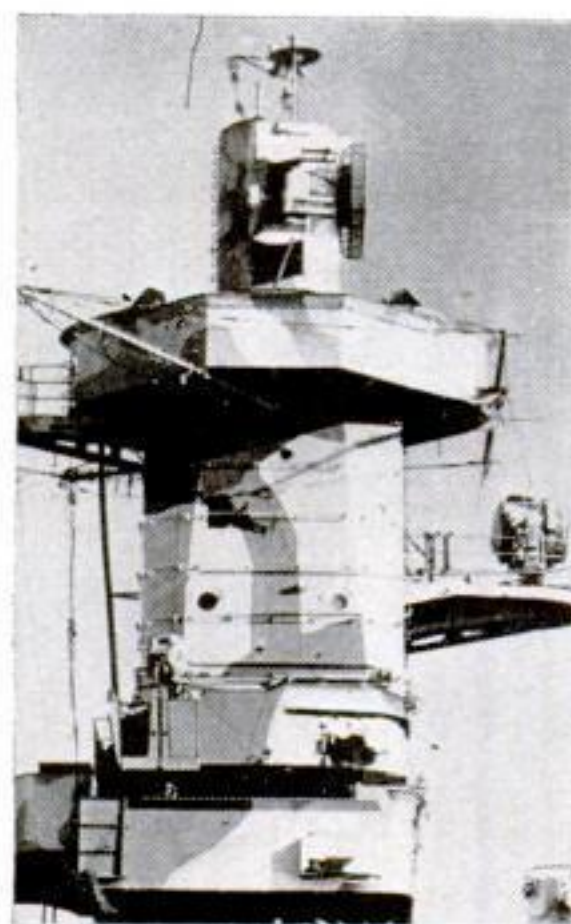
The picture on the opposite page, taken by a crewman from one of the last lifeboats, shows the *Columbus* fire brigade coming alongside with smoke already belching from the deck. The picture on this page, also taken from a lifeboat, shows the British destroyer standing by at left while the *Columbus* burns.

When she went into service in 1924, the *Columbus* gave a mighty thrill to the citizens of the young German Republic, then at the bottom of their terrible post-War depression and inflation. Then the sixth largest vessel in the world—32,581 tons, 749 ft. long, 1,800 passengers—she was a gleaming symbol of Germans' determination to rebuild not only the merchant fleet but also the pride and place and world respect which they had lost in the Great War. For five years the big, luxurious, popular vessel plied between Germany and a friendly America as flagship of the North German Lloyd fleet. In time she was topped by the *Bremen* and *Europa*. But, reconditioned and equipped with expensive new turbines which cut two days off her crossing time, she was still holding her own when a new master with new methods took over the job of winning back Germany's place in the sun.

In Germany, the new master found it prudent to suppress all news of the *Columbus*' scuttling. To Germans who remember vividly the suffering and hopes of 1924, its suicide right after the *Graf Spee*'s might have been unpleasantly reminiscent of 1918.



CAPTAIN OF "ADMIRAL GRAF SPEE," DEFEATED "POCKET BATTLESHIP," SCUTTLES HIS SHIP AND HIMSELF



SPEE'S WOUNDED FIRE TOWER

On the night of Dec. 13 the *Admiral Graf Spee*, one of Germany's three "pocket battleships," ran into Montevideo harbor with two light British cruisers in pursuit. It had several bad holes in its water-line bulge, a spray of high-explosive perforations in its upper hull, two big gaps in its fire-control tower (left), a damaged plane catapult and an exploded galley. It was a beaten ship.

After 90 hours' repair, her captain, Hans Langsdorff, took the *Admiral Graf Spee* five miles out. There he unloaded his crew into launches, rowed off and pushed a button at the end of a long cord he held.

The ship blew up in the middle and burst into fire all along its length. It sank five feet into the mud of the River Plata delta, blazing fiercely for days.

A tug ferried Langsdorff and crew across the shallow mouth of the Plata to Buenos Aires. Next day he called together his crew of 1,039 survivors and cryptically told them goodbye. That night, in his room in the Buenos Aires Hotel de Inmigrantes, he put a bullet in almost the mathematical center of his forehead. They found beside his body in the morning a letter giving the thin excuse that he had wanted to die with his ship.

That was the end, not only of the *Spee* and its captain, but of the German surface navy. The longer the admiralities of the world pondered the lessons of the *Spee's* running fight with the British cruisers, the clearer it appeared that Germany's innovation of the "pocket battleship," really an inflated heavy cruiser, is worthless. When the *Spee* ran into Montevideo harbor, it had plenty of fuel and was not even seriously damaged. German ships far worse hit fought effectively at Jutland in the World War. The two hits on its fire-control tower must have been a nuisance, for they probably wrecked the bridges and ruined some interior communications. But there remained 11-in. and 6-in. gun directors aft, the fighting headquarters in the conning tower, range-finders in both 11-inch turrets and the plotting room in the bowels of the ship. The *Spee* was hurt but not crippled.

It had failed for ten hours of fighting to sink two British light cruisers which carried only 6-in. guns. It betrayed the fatal fact that the ships it could not outrun or avoid—cruisers, destroyers and submarines—could offset its superior gun-power by seamanship and torpedoes. Had the *Spee* kept up the fight into the night it would probably have been sunk by the light cruisers' torpedoes.

Captain Langsdorff would undoubtedly have liked to go out fighting, had not Hitler given him different orders. He had been trained for 27 years in the tradition of the German Navy which is full of underdog resentment of the British Navy. He fought at Jutland on the battleship *Grosse Kurfuerst* ("Great Elector"), which was hit eight times, later torpedoed. It too was scuttled by its crew after it had surrendered to the British fleet at Scapa Flow.

The picture on the opposite page shows the *Spee's* charred fire-control tower. It is noticeable that the paint, which is heavy on all spick-&-span warships, has burned furiously, that the exploded magazines which are directly under the turrets have not broken the ship topside. You are looking from the port bow. The horizontal beam atop the tower is the main gunnery range-finder. The similar beam atop the conning tower (left center) is another. The fire-control tower was named "Coronel" after the German victory in 1914 over a squadron of British cruisers off the coast of Chile. Captain Langsdorff would normally have been, not on the bridge on the tower, but inside the conning tower.



The burning *Spee*, its aft magazine blown up and its oil bunkers afire, sits in the mud. This is as far as it will sink unless it rolls over, which is unlikely with a U-bottomed ship. This picture is enough to

make men of any navy weep, for the *Spee* was a beautiful ship, inside and out. Given the useless problem of combining 11-in. guns, a 26-knot speed and a 5½-in. armor belt amidships, she was a perfect solution.



Captain Langsdorff, commander of the *Spee*, jokes with his loyal crew (above) on the tug taking them across the Plata mouth to Buenos Aires, where they were presently interned. On Dec. 20, Langsdorff put

a bullet through his head, and two officers of his heart-broken crew (below) stand watch on his coffin. The crew, who had been taught to believe the *Spee* was invulnerable, had much the same opinion of their captain.





LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Christmas finds British planes in air raids; Canadian troops in Europe; Russians in rout

The big news of last week was made by two German ships and a German captain preferring self-destruction to ignominy. Two of these "suicides" the camera reported exceptionally well (see pp. 13-15). The third, that of Captain Hans Langsdorff of the *Graf Spee*, the camera could not report at all.

Within the U.S., picture news was made by the biggest Christmas-buying rush ever, by Finnish relief rallies and by two great funerals, that of Douglas Fairbanks in Beverly Hills and that of Heywood Broun in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

The Broun funeral and the Picture of the Week on the opposite page both happened within a stone's throw of LIFE's office. Not all picture news is so convenient. At the start of a new year, LIFE's photographers are scattered across the face of the globe, at the centers of world interest, present and near future. Carl Mydans is somewhere in far-northern Finland, photographing the primitive, bitter-cold warfare of skis and knives. Margaret Bourke-White is in Bessarabia, the ex-Russian part of Rumania where the Red steam-roller is expected next. Walter Bosshard is at Angora, photographing Turkey. Stedman Jones is back from a two-week tour of the western front. Ernest Schaeffer is in India, photographing the fabulous princes who are supporting England in the war. Horace Bristol is returning from the Netherlands Indies, the rich South Pacific empire coveted by Japan.

Candidates' Boners. Vice President Garner declared



ROCHE

tersely, "I will accept the nomination for President," and then went off to his hunting camp to enjoy the heart-warming spectacle of his more active and loquacious Presidential rivals pulling terrific political boners. Federal Security Administrator McNutt pulled a boner by grousing in a speech about the New Deal: "You

don't know whether the quarterback wants you to carry the ball or to run interference." Four days later, just as pretty Paul was getting ready to win friends by handing out the first Social Security paychecks, Quarterback Roosevelt showed how he deals with cubs who want to make more than their share of touchdowns. The President relieved Mr. McNutt of his key position in the national health program, which he had counted on to win him still more friends, and handed it to Josephine Roche as head of a revived Health Committee. The President told Miss Roche that he did not want to jeopardize the program by having it tied up with one candidate.

In the Republican camp, Governor Bricker of Ohio, a leading dark horse, continued to fumble the Ohio relief crisis so badly that President Roosevelt could talk of sending Army soup-kitchens to feed the starving Ohioans, if any. Quietly getting ready for the opening of Congress was a thus-far-bonerless Republican dark horse, Representative Joe Martin of Massachusetts, House Minority Leader, whom LIFE examines on pages 48-54.

All Presidential aspirants can read, and weep at, the latest FORTUNE poll. It shows that more people want Roosevelt for President than want the next three Democrats (Garner, Hull, McNutt) and the leading four Republicans (Dewey, Vandenberg, Taft, Hoover) combined. The vote: for Roosevelt 30.6%; for the seven others 29%.



McDANIEL

ern aristocracy in a favorable light and such oppressed minorities as Scarlett's Mammie, played by Hattie McDaniel, as contented slaves. Last week after seeing the picture, Movie Critic Howard Rushmore dared to mingle praise for the technical production with his ideological condemnation. When *The Daily Worker* demanded a rewrite, Rushmore quit. Movies have not seemed the same to Mr. Rushmore, nor has he received any salary, since Stalin signed up with Hitler.

War in the Air. German mines, many sown by air-planes, have taken such a toll of shipping (21 more vessels last week) that England was forced to take the offensive in the air. While mine sweepers strove to clear the North Sea shipping lanes, the Royal Air Force undertook to keep the mine-laying planes out of action by twice attacking German bases. In the second of these actions, 45 or 50 British Vickers "Wellington" bombers raided Helgoland Bight. A swarm of Messerschmitt fighters rose to meet them and the battle, biggest of the war, lasted two hours. Germany claimed to have shot down 34 British planes, lost only two of her own. England claimed Germany lost twelve to her seven.

Meanwhile England pressed ahead with the Empire air plan which she figures to give her numerical air supremacy by the spring of 1941. Signed at Ottawa was an all-Empire agreement whereby Canada will become the world's No. 1 training center, turning out 14,500 pilots a year—10,000 Canadians, 2,000 Australians and 2,500 New Zealanders. Sixty new fields will be built. This plan, put through by the head of the British air mission, Lord Riverdale, is calculated to provide the number of pilots England expects to lose per year if a real war gets started.



RIVERDALE

Further evidence of Europe's dependence on the Western Hemisphere for air power was given by a French order for 650 more American Curtiss fighters, a Finnish order for 40 American Brewster fighters.

Finnish Victory. One man who was not deceived by the Russian commotion on the so-called Mannerheim Line in southern Finland was Finland's Generalissimo Baron Mannerheim. He realized that the miserable reservists captured there betrayed the fact that that attack was intended to distract and occupy his army. All too painfully, he grasped the shrewd Russian strategy of driving heavily with crack troops across northern Finland toward the railhead at Kemijärvi. If successful, this drive

Job Gone With the Wind.

The Great Disillusionment among radicals that followed the Hitler-Stalin Pact is still rumbling around the world. Last week it cost the movie critic of *The Daily Worker* his job. The Communist party line on *Gone With the Wind* is that the film is 100% bad because it presents the feudal South-

would have cut off the all-important supplies from Sweden and the whole wide world. But Mannerheim is fighting on interior lines. And in the north the Russians have only a three-hour twilight for a day and they cannot dig entrenchments in the frozen ground. Last week Mannerheim loaded his reserves on miles of trains and rushed them north. Simultaneously he attacked on the Russians' front and flank, by moonlight. In the first decisive battle of the war, he drove the best troops Soviet Russia has to offer in utter rout. At last accounts the stampeding Russians were 80 miles from the railhead at Kemijärvi and supplies from Sweden were still rolling in.

Canadians Overseas. Out of a cold gray Atlantic, somewhere on England's western coast, a string of dim gray ships steamed slowly into port and silently dropped their anchors.



McNAUGHTON

The residents thought it must be British troops home from France, until strange un-British whoops and yells came over the water. Squadrons of war-planes roared overhead. Anthony Eden was there to read them a message from the King. And the next day Winston Churchill was able to taunt the Nazis thus: "Yesterday the leading division of the Canadian Army, strongly escorted across the ocean and guarded by our main battle fleet, disembarked safely and smoothly." The Canadians, and about 100 U. S. citizens who enlisted with them, were under the command of Major General A. G. L. McNaughton who was on LIFE's cover two weeks ago.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

Rockefeller Center achieved the most spectacular U. S. Christmas display by putting a specially built electrical candle in each of the 346 windows on the front of its RCA Building and turning out the other lights. Forty of the 70 stories appear in the picture on the opposite page. President Nelson A. Rockefeller had to get the permission of 100 tenants to install the candles, had great difficulty with one corporation president who dislikes Christmas and refused to have any part in it. His vice presidents finally brought him around. At the foot of the building is a 75-ft. spruce, topped by a 1,500-watt bulb. Closest display rival of the RCA Building was the Palmolive Building in Chicago, which lit up its top 17 stories to make a star of Bethlehem.



PALMOLIVE'S STAR OVER CHICAGO



Christmas in Rockefeller Center



The oath of office was taken jointly by Governor Keen Johnson and Lieutenant Governor Rodes K. Myers, hands raised.

Among other things, they had to swear that they had neither "fought a duel with deadly weapons nor sent or accepted a

challenge nor acted as second." In his inaugural speech, the new Governor promised to keep down State expenses.



THE STATE CAPITOL AS SEEN FROM GOVERNOR'S MANSION

AN OLD NEWSPAPERMAN IS SWORN IN AS GOVERNOR

By the time Dec. 12 was over, Mr. and Mrs. Keen Johnson of Frankfort, Ky., were all worn out. Mr. Johnson had spent his day (*see below*) being inaugurated Governor of Kentucky. He had to get up early, work during breakfast, watch a two-hour parade, take the oath of office, make a speech, go to a big luncheon, shake the hands of thousands of Kentucky constituents. Mrs. Johnson had to do almost everything her husband did except take the oath and make a speech. When they were finally left alone at the end of the day in the Governor's Mansion, they must have felt very happy but they were all worn out.

It was a great day, however, for the Governor and a great day for Frankfort. Kentucky always makes

a fuss over inducting its governors. It made a big fuss over Keen Johnson. Kentuckians came from all over the State, from the valley of the Ohio to the Big Black Mountains. They formed into a long parade which snaked all over the capital and took so long passing the Governor's stand that the oath of office, scheduled to be given at noon, was not given until a quarter after one. During the afternoon, the people of Frankfort held open house. In the evening, the Governor held a huge reception ball in the State Capitol with music by four bands. It was so crowded that people who really wanted to dance went to a supplementary Inaugural Ball at a hotel.

This was actually the second time in the same year

The Governor's day began at 7:30 when he got up and shaved with an old-fashioned straight razor.

At breakfast, he sat with his wife and his daughter, kept a telephone handy on the table for the early morning calls that came in.

Riding to inauguration, he sat between Senator Barkley (*left*) who opposed him in primaries, and Senator Chandler, who supported him.





The Governor's family, all dressed up, come down the Executive Mansion stairs for the reception. Judy, the Governor's daughter, is a dark, mature girl who looks to be about 18 years old but is only 12.



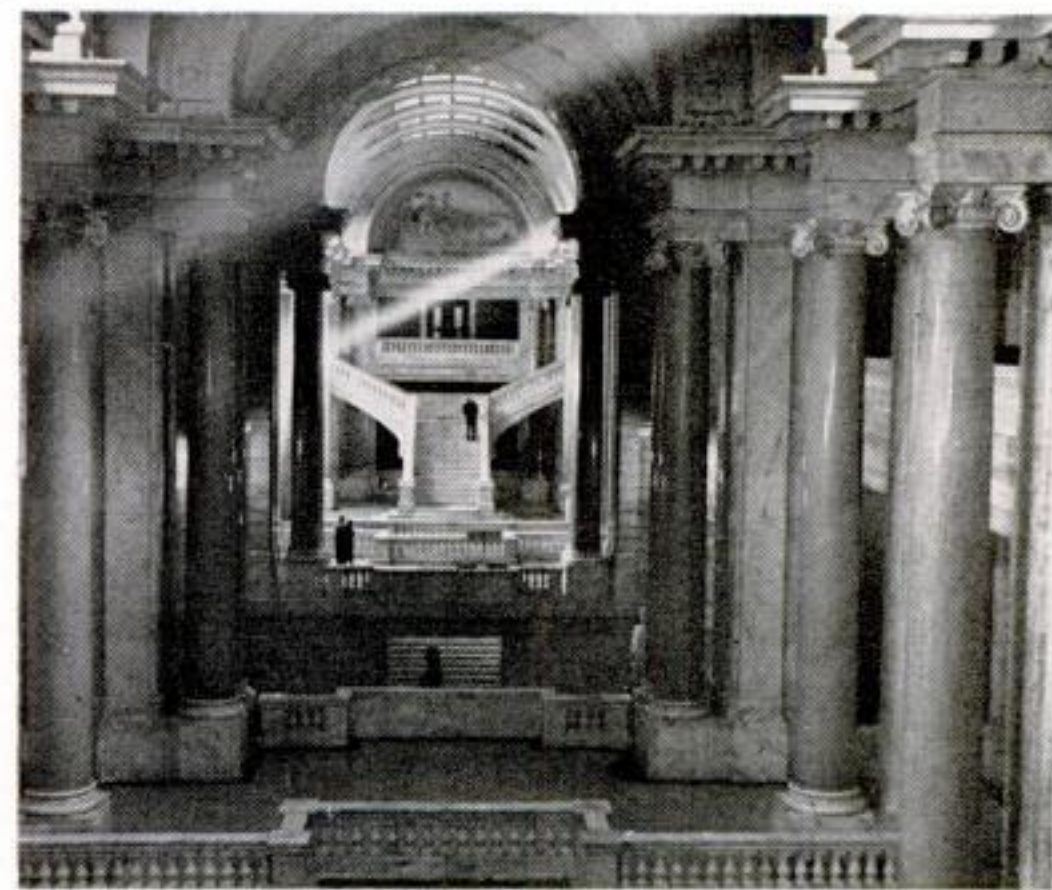
Hall of the Capitol was packed with people, some dressed formally and some informally, all of them trying to crowd into the reception room next to the Governor's office.

OF KENTUCKY FOR THE SECOND TIME WITHIN A YEAR

that Keen Johnson took the oath of office. He took it for the first time last October when Marvel Mills Logan, U. S. Senator from Kentucky, died. Johnson was lieutenant governor at the time. The Governor, Albert Benjamin ("Happy") Chandler, resigned his office, making Johnson Governor. Johnson promptly appointed "Happy" Chandler to the Senate. Already the Democratic nominee for the governorship, Johnson easily won the November elections and a full four-year term. His election was a triumph for "Happy" Chandler who had supported him in the primaries against candidate of U. S. Senator Alben Barkley, Senate majority leader. In 1938, Chandler had tried to win Barkley's Senate seat, lost be-

cause Roosevelt strongly supported his "dear Alben."

Like "Happy" Chandler, Keen Johnson is rather young to be Governor. He is 43, was born in Lyon County, Ky. A pleasant, steady-going fellow, he is an old newspaperman. After graduating from a college course in journalism, he worked on various small-town papers, finally became editor and part-owner of the *Richmond Daily Register*. In that dual position, he did everything from writing editorials to taking advertisements. He still likes to write his own speeches on a loose-jointed, clattery typewriter. The day he took office, the *Richmond Daily Register* had to suspend publication because all the staff went up to Frankfort to see the boss inaugurated.



MAIN HALL OF LABYRINTHAL STATE CAPITOL

After the inauguration, he carved a cold turkey at a buffet lunch given by Mrs. Offutt, who always gives a lunch for new governors.

In the receiving line, he shook hands with 2,500 people. He stands in the center, listening. His wife stands at the left, also listening.

Settled at last in the Governor's Mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson look contentedly at their living room.





JUSTICE DOUGLAS' BOY **KISSES GUATEMALAN GIRL**

In Washington, Dec. 20, children of the diplomatic corps met for their annual International Christmas Party, sponsored by the National Broadcasting Company and the Washington Board of Trade. Notable absentees were children from the Soviet and German embassies. (Russia was not represented since Christmas is not officially recognized in the U.S.S.R.) Finnish, Czech and Polish youngsters broadcast wistful messages to their stricken homelands.

Chosen to represent the U. S. were the children of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, Mildred and William O. Jr. Piped young Bill into the microphone: "When Jesus was born, the Wise Men brought Him presents. We hope Santa Claus with his reindeer comes to your homes and gives you presents, too." Then, overcome by holiday spirits, he planted a fraternal kiss on the cheek of shy Isabel Recinos, daughter of the Minister from Guatemala (*above*).



FAIRBANKS WIDOW WEEPS AT HUSBAND'S FUNERAL

Veiled in black, her face a moving image of sorrow, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks entered with faltering steps the Wee Kirk o' the Heather, Glendale, Calif., where funeral services were held for her husband Dec. 15. The former Lady Ashley, had enjoyed barely four years of married life with the famous actor and acrobat whose death at 51 shocked cinema fans the world over. The picture above shows Mrs. Fairbanks approaching the church with her stepson,

Douglas Fairbanks Jr., and his wife. Her sobs rose above the words of the brief Episcopal ritual.

Barely 100 of the actor's close friends were permitted in the small chapel. But more than 5,000 men, women and children lingered in a roped-off area outside. Charlie Chaplin was a pallbearer. Tom Mix came dressed in a black cowboy outfit. Mary Pickford sent flowers but did not attend, saying that she preferred to remember "the lively spirit I knew in life."

FLYING "REVENOOERS" LEAD RAIDS ON STILLS IN U. S. DRIVE ON SOUTHERN MOONSHINERS



PINS SHOW RAIDED GEORGIA STILLS

Though Prohibition died six years ago (Dec. 5, 1933), its end did not halt the activity of bootleggers in big cities and moonshiners in the wooded hills of the South. Of an estimated 170,000,000 gallons of liquor consumed by Americans last year, at least 35,000,000 were illicit. For every legal distillery in the U. S., there are 100 undercover producers. Big liquor rings in the North and Middlewest kept agents of the U. S. Alcohol Tax Unit busiest in the early years after Repeal. But since 1937 the Southeast—where moonshiners have been dodging "revenooers" for more than a century—has been the alcoholic sore spot of the nation. Over 4,000 stills were seized in Georgia, Alabama, South Carolina and Florida during fiscal 1939.

Fortnight ago harassed Federal men in this district used a spectacular new stunt in the science of still-raiding. Importing a Coast Guard plane specially equipped for low-speed reconnaissance work, agents soared out of Atlanta over the Georgia mountains, spotting moonshine outfits in the leafless winter woods below. Over a two-way radio telephone, the flying "revenooers" communicated with ground crews in automobiles, guided them to their quarry.

On these pages you see a still, spotted from the air, being raided by Government agents in woods south of Atlanta. Through the courtesy of the Internal Revenue Bureau, LIFE's Photographer Walt Sanders was permitted to accompany raiders both in the air and on the ground. The still shown here is characteristic of thousands hidden in the oak and alder forests of the Southeast. Its product is corn whisky, the favorite drink of less wealthy southern Americans. Made out of corn meal, barley malt, wheat bran and sugar, it emerges from still-coils pale, potent and paralyzing. Bootleggers, who buy it from 'shiners for 90¢ a gallon, sell it to customers for 90¢ a quart, sometimes cut it with water. So cheap is moonshine corn that no legitimate distiller—taxed \$2.25 a proof gallon—can compete with this huge hidden industry of the hills. For photographs of those who make it—and get caught—turn the page.



Revenue agents chase moonshiners in a surprise raid on a North Georgia still. This extraordinary picture was taken by Photographer Walt Sanders who skirted through woods ahead and to right of the raiding party. The still had been spotted from the air two days earlier.



From the air a wrecked Gilmer County still is observed by agents of the Treasury's Alcohol Tax Unit, flying in their new reconnaissance plane. Few days earlier this still was in full operation. By radio the flying agents guided ground crews to the still, who then destroyed it.



Moonshiners tend their boxes, unaware of approaching raiders. This picture was taken with a telephoto lens from 180 ft. Moonshiner at far corner of boxes is a white man, who escaped when raiders burst into clearing. The three Negroes were caught. Steam is from the boiler.



Night before the raid, the ground crew had quietly encircled the still. At 7 a.m. they began to close in. Surprised at their work, three Negroes darted into the woods, closely pursued by two Government agents (*left*). A fourth moonshiner, a white man, escaped. Right: boxes of fermenting mash.



The prisoners are questioned by revenue agents. The Negro boy at left is only 16 years old. Behind them is a boiler from which pipes convey steam to crude stills in background. As the mash is cooked, vapors pass off through cooled copper coils, where they condense to form liquor.



Destruction of the still is a thorough process. Above you see agents wielding axes on the 300-gal. boiler. Below: the mash boxes are exploded by dynamite. Ten charges were used, each set off individually by fire and fuse. Dynamite was necessary because of the still's capacity (weekly output 2,100 gal.). Spray from fermented mash drenched LIFE's photographer.



Still raids

(continued)



CONVICTED MOONSHINERS DECORATE ALCOHOL TAX- UNIT OFFICE IN ATLANTA

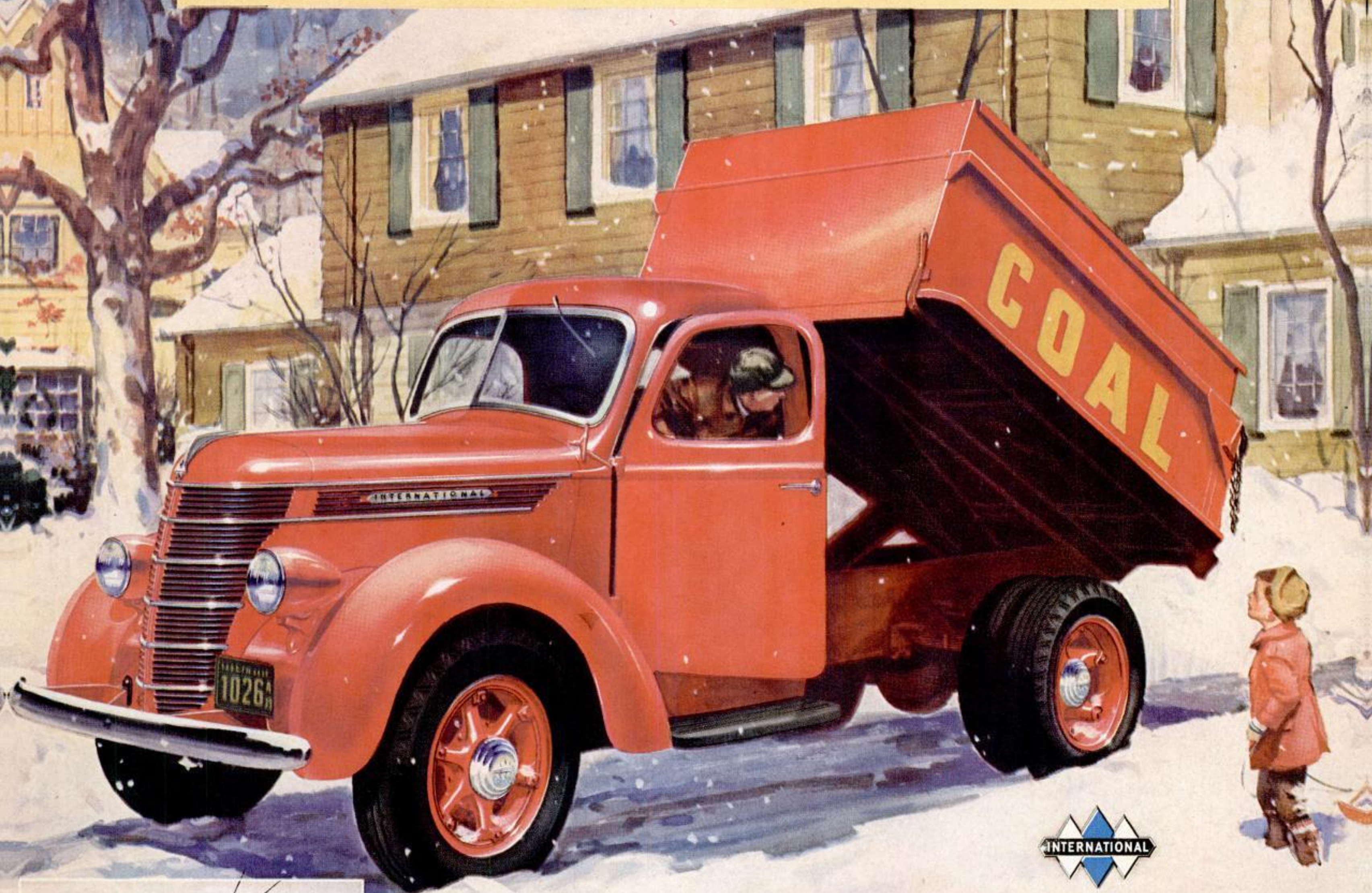
White and black, male and female, here are the faces of Southern moonshiners who fell into the hands of the law. Many are descendants of Scottish and Irish highlanders who dodged royal excise men in Britain 200 years ago and who settled in Southern States after the Revolution. Of the Negroes, most are hapless employees of white non-resident operators.

Geography and bad roads have made the Southeastern hill country the moonshine center of the U. S. Because hills are steep and civilization remote, mountaineer farmers are reluctant to haul bulk corn to market in competition with lowlanders. But they can grow corn and they can grind it. By adjusting

millstones more finely, they can convert coarse hominy into meal suitable for mash. And five-gallon jugs are easy to carry through woods to distributor trucks. Stills, are cheap and easy to manufacture. During 1939, agents working out of Atlanta destroyed \$423,-946-worth of illicit distilling apparatus. But this comparatively small figure represented 4,325 stills, with a total estimated capacity of 650,000 gallons per day.

Of the convicted moonshiners above, most famous is Theresa Brown (fourth row, center). Known to agents as "Queen of the Bootleggers," she has been arrested 22 times, mostly for liquor-law violation, but once for arson, once for shooting her husband.

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Allan Jones • Mary Martin • Walter Connolly
Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster

Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE • Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively

Based on a Story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



VIRGINIA STRUGGLES TO EXPRESS HER FEARS TO A KINDLY PSYCHIATRIST IN HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE

STORY OF GIRL'S BATTLE WITH INSANITY IS TOLD IN "THE WORLD WE MAKE"

Three years ago a young telephone company employe named Millen Brand published his first novel called *The Outward Room*. It told how a 22-year-old girl escaped from an insane asylum and won back her sanity through hardship and love in a New York tenement. Many critics praised it, and it quickly became a best-seller.

Today this story has been turned into a play, *The World We Make* by Sidney Kingsley, author of *Men in White* and *Dead End*. Some critics panned it, especially for one painfully realistic laundry scene in which real linen goes through a real mangle. Others called it "the finest drama of the year." Brooks Atkinson of the *New York Times* hotly suggested the hostile critics themselves should be run through the mangle. Meantime, audiences are discovering that in spite of its clinical theme, *The World We Make* tells an engrossing, optimistic story and is distinguished by some of the season's best acting.

Leading part of Virginia (who later becomes Harriet) is sensitively played by a 22-year-old Mexican actress billed briefly as "Margo." Her full name is Maria Margherita Teresa Guadalupe Castilla Bolado. Virginia is confined to an asylum, mentally unbalanced by the death of her beloved brother. She retreats into herself, refuses to face the reality of everyday life. But spurred on by a desire for freedom, she breaks from the asylum, soon finds herself helplessly looking for a job in New York.

What happens to Virginia thereafter makes up the substance of the play. With poignance and humor Playwright Kingsley restates the old truth that the best cure for most people's ills is hard work and a sense of responsibility for someone else's welfare.



VIRGINIA ESCAPES FROM THE HOSPITAL BY FINDING A DOOR KEY. HERE SHE LEAVES THE DIM SHADOWY WORLD OF THE ASYLUM TO FACE THE HARD WORLD OF REALITY



Into the World Wide Laundry Virginia wanders, hungry and penniless, looking for a job. On steps (left), she cringes

at the surrounding pandemonium. Bundles of dirty linen are heaved around her, sweating workers curse and bicker.

She is befriended and taken home by a worker named John, and, to conceal her past, gives her name as Harriet Hope



In the worker's bedroom, Harriet finds food and rest after sleeping three nights in park and subways. While she lies

terrified on the bed, John reads aloud to her from Dickens' *Old Curiosity Shop*. From kindly neighbors in this squalid

tenement, Harriet gets her first contact with reality, which awakens her instinct to help herself and to help others.



Harriet scrubs the floor in John's untidy room after he goes to work next morning. This useful job makes her feel like a normal person and helps to restore her mind.



Friendly neighbor calls on John with his dog, and John's scrappy brother Jim arrives with a black eye. Harriet lives happily with John, but still fears she is insane.



John embraces Harriet for comfort when his brother dies. In her desire to console John, she forgets her own grief, is thereby cured of her insanity and marries John.



Lunch with the Boss

Have a drink? Sure—but go easy. Make it a glass of Chilled Vermouth. It's refreshing—and moderate, too!



Cocktails

Gay reunion before dinner. Order something special—a Vermouth Old-Fashioned. It's light—perfect before dinner—delicious!

Be one
of the Crowd
—and be
Moderate, too!

Vermouth Glass, 6 for \$1.25; 12 for \$2.00. W. A. Taylor & Co., Dept. L, 15 Lighthouse Street, New York City.



Vermouth Old-Fashioned

Try an Old-Fashioned, substituting Vermouth for whiskey. Omit sugar. Serve cold.



After Dinner

Try an Americano. $\frac{1}{2}$ small highball glass Martini & Rossi Italian Vermouth, dash bitters, slice lemon peel, seltzer to taste, ice.



Evening

Party going strong? Sip Vermouth and Soda... cool and delicious... it lets you be with the crowd, and be temperate, too!



Manhattan

America's most popular cocktail. $\frac{2}{3}$ Rye, $\frac{1}{3}$ Martini & Rossi Italian Vermouth. Pour whiskey on ice, Vermouth on whiskey, stir. Serve with cherry.



Regular Martini

$\frac{2}{3}$ Gin on cracked ice, add $\frac{1}{3}$ Italian Vermouth, then stir till chilled. Some like a dash of bitters, cherry.



Vermouth Highball

3 ozs. of Martini & Rossi Italian Vermouth with seltzer to taste. Serve in a tall glass with lots of ice.

WANT TO BE GAY... life of the party... and stay on the light side, too? Vermouth's the drink for you. A favorite drink of the Roman Emperors, it's delicious and moderate!

Best of all, you can serve Vermouth:

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- 2 IN HIGHBALLS—Always use Martini & Rossi Vermouth.
- 3 FOR COCKTAILS—Besides Martinis and Manhattans, there are 30 other popular Vermouth drinks.

And may we suggest, if you want the best, you ask for Martini & Rossi Vermouth—the world's standard.

MARTINI & ROSSI

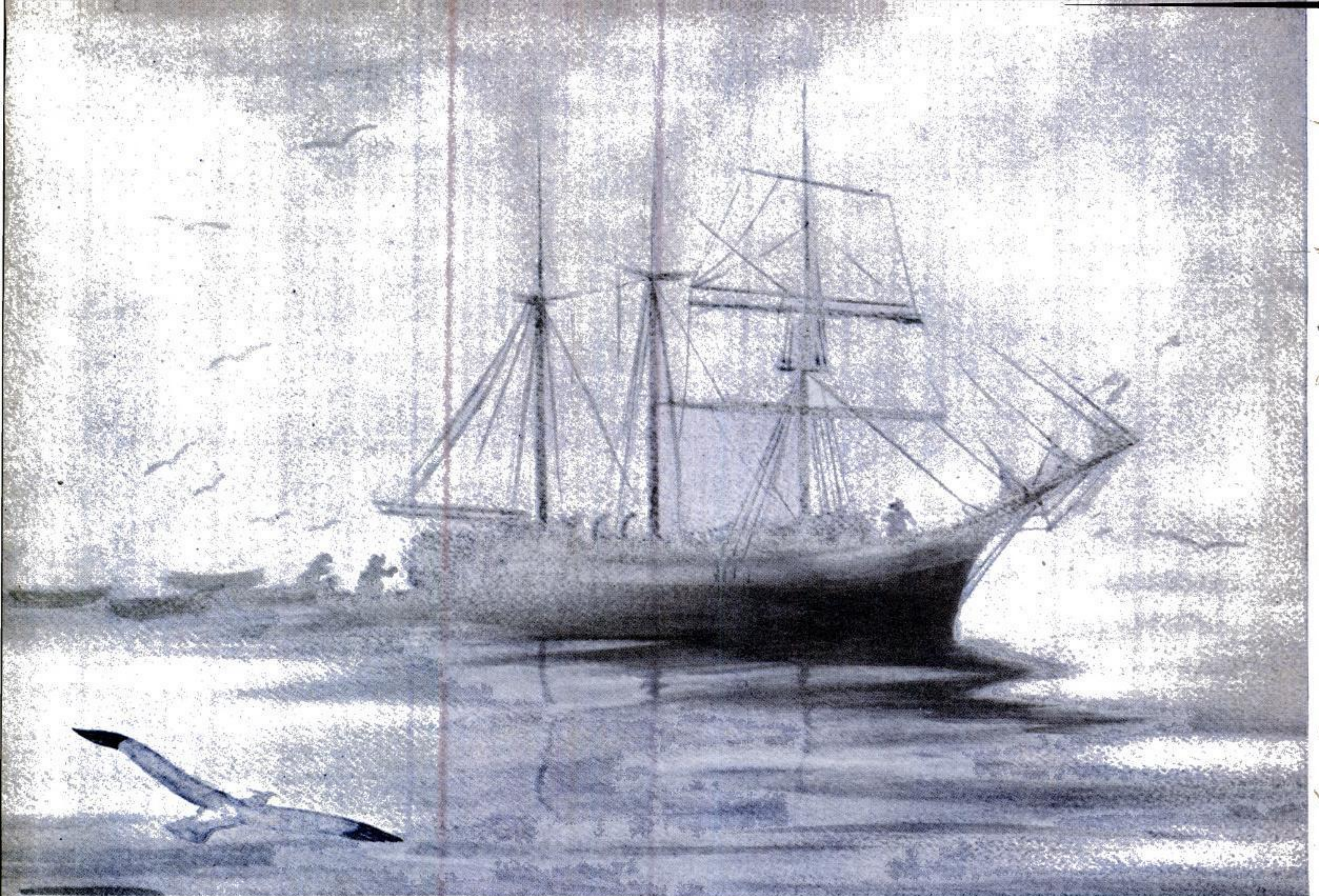
VERMOUTH

Alcohol by volume, 15.95%

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IMPORTERS SINCE 1888





A FRENCH BARKENTINE, COD FISHING IN THE FOG ON NEWFOUNDLAND BANKS, CALLS IN ITS DORIES.

FISHERMEN ARE IN GREATER DANGER FROM SHIPS THAN FROM ICEBERGS

ARTIST RECORDS COAST GUARD'S ICEBERG PATROL

On the cold starlit night of April 14, 1912, the S. S. *Titanic*, world's biggest ship at the time, was making 21 knots on her maiden voyage westward across the North Atlantic. At 11:40 p.m., 800 miles southeast of Newfoundland, she grazed an iceberg. Few passengers felt the mild jolt. The *Titanic*, its speed unslackened, left the iceberg so quickly astern that scarcely anyone on board saw it. But within three hours, the *Titanic*, her steel hull sheared like a tin can, was on the ocean floor. Lost with her were 1,513 members of her 2,224 passengers and crew in the worst peacetime marine disaster to date.

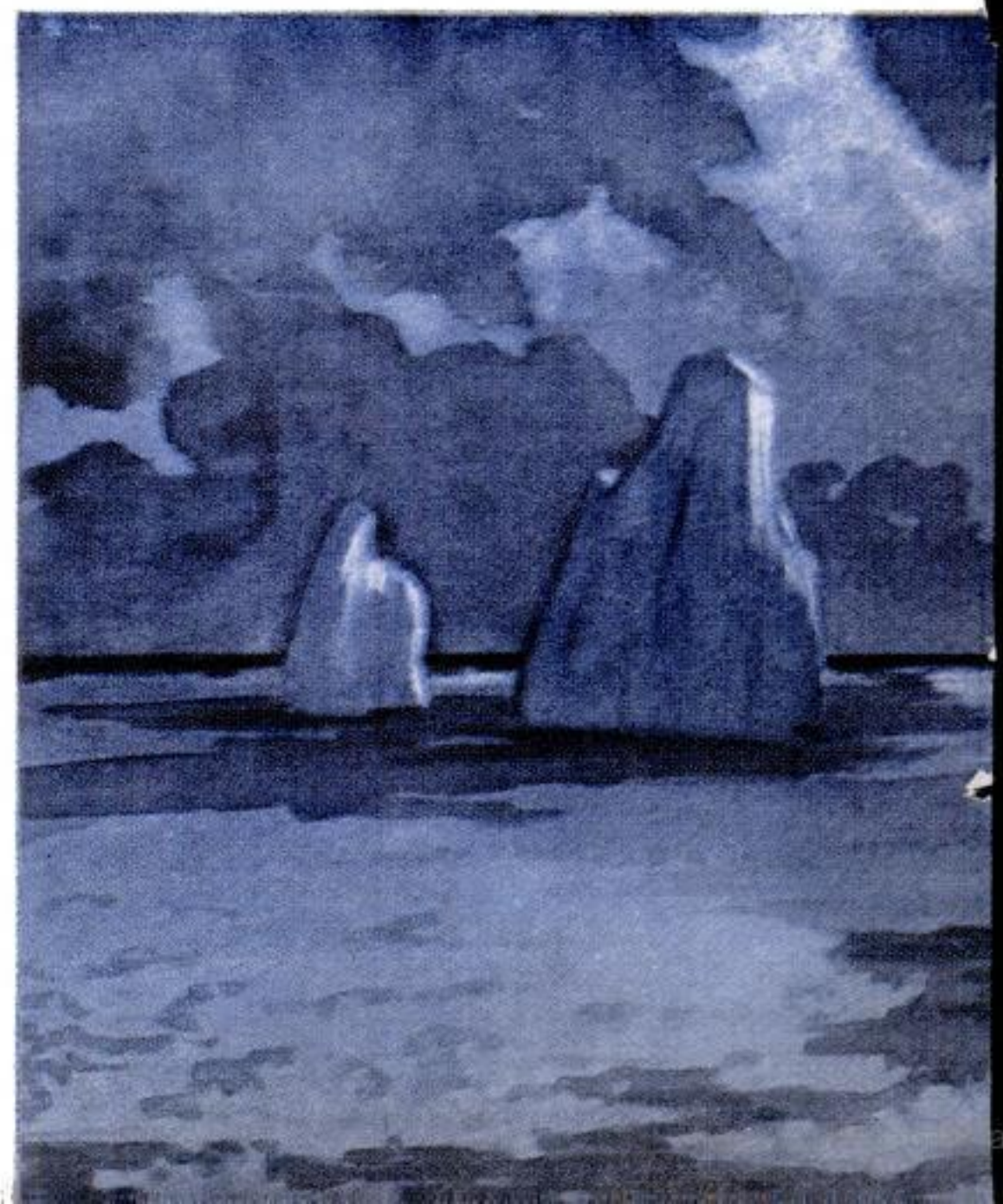
Twenty months later, as a direct result of the sinking of the *Titanic*, eleven maritime nations instituted the International Ice Patrol, financed by them in proportion to their tonnage and maintained by the U. S. Coast Guard. Since then, with two U. S. Coast Guard cutters on vigilant duty, there has not been a single ship or life lost to icebergs in the North Atlantic's patrolled areas.

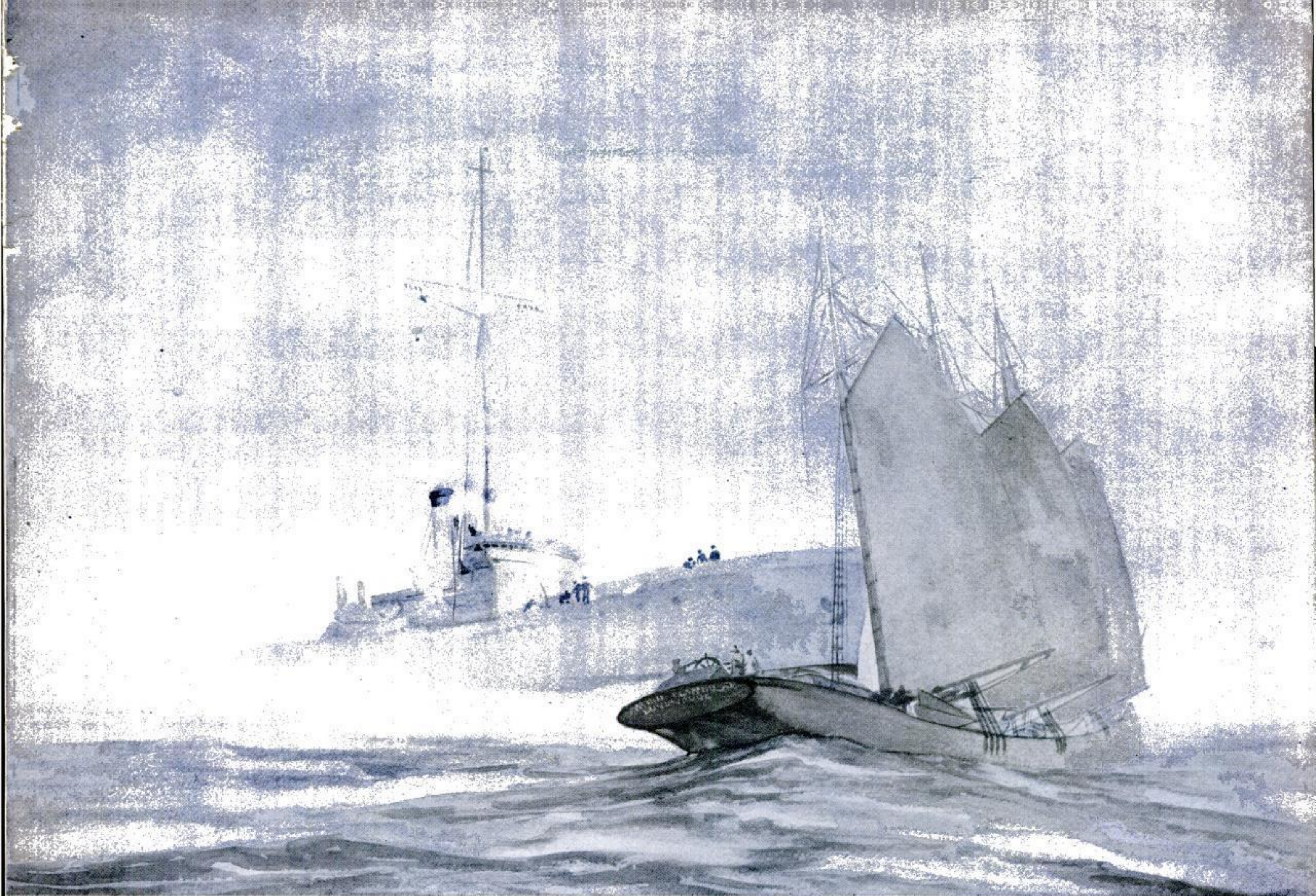
The ice shown on these two pages was painted in water color by Artist Aldis B. Browne II while on a seven-month cruise aboard the U. S. Coast Guard cutters *Tahoe* and *Pontchartrain* of the iceberg

HORIZONTAL LINE ON THIS ICEBERG SHOWS ITS PREVIOUS WATER LINE BEFORE IT MELTED AND FLOATED HIGHER



COAST GUARD CUTTER PASSES ICEBERG FLOATING SOUTH





A NOVA SCOTIA FISHING SCHOONER SWEEPS AROUND BOW OF CUTTER "TAHOE." ON CUTTER'S MAST ARE CODE FLAGS, WHICH GIVE FORMAL OFFER OF ASSISTANCE AND ADVICE

patrol. Mr. Browne, 32, a graduate of the Yale Art School, won personal favor with Coast Guard officials by the mural depicting the Service's long and valiant history which he did for the Coast Guard Academy at New London, Conn. As a reward rarely granted civilians, he was permitted to go out and paint the ice patrol in action.

The icebergs Artist Browne saw and painted had thundered off the Greenland icecap into Baffin Bay three years before. Two years of floating and freezing carried them southward across the Arctic Circle into Davis Strait. There they caught the Labrador Cur-

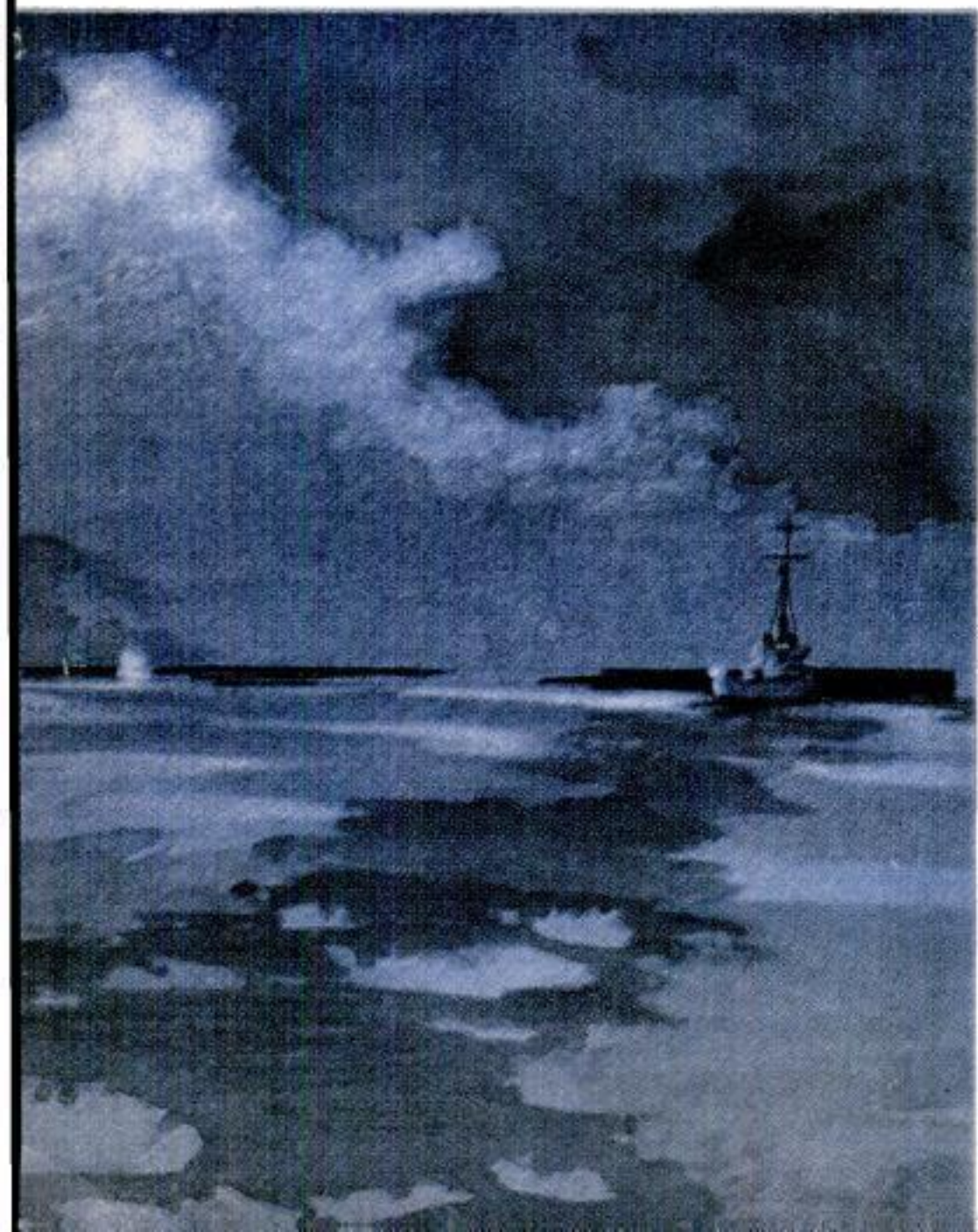
rent and headed for the North Atlantic steamship lanes. The biggest part of the pack piled up on the Labrador coast or dwindled away in the warmer seas. Only about 800 of the biggest icebergs that year survived to reach the Grand Banks off Newfoundland and be spotted by the Coast Guard.

The iceberg season, from March to July, is well defined and the iceberg area, a 400-mile stretch across the sea lanes, is easily charted. Icebergs can be sighted at 25 miles on a clear day, 100 yards at night. For 25 years, two cutters have carried the burden of patrolling the danger zone. The function

of the patrol is limited to the observation of icebergs. By measurement of their bulk, direction of drift and speed, their course across the sea lanes is accurately plotted and radioed to merchant vessels.

No serious effort is made to destroy icebergs because it is virtually impossible. An undersea mine will chip off a few tons. Above the water, a charge of dynamite or a shell will make only a small pocket. They find their own destruction as they approach the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Few float farther south than the parallel at New York. The biggest iceberg danger is the heavy fog banks that hide them.

BERG'S TWIN PEAKS STAND OUT CLEARLY IN THE MOONLIGHT

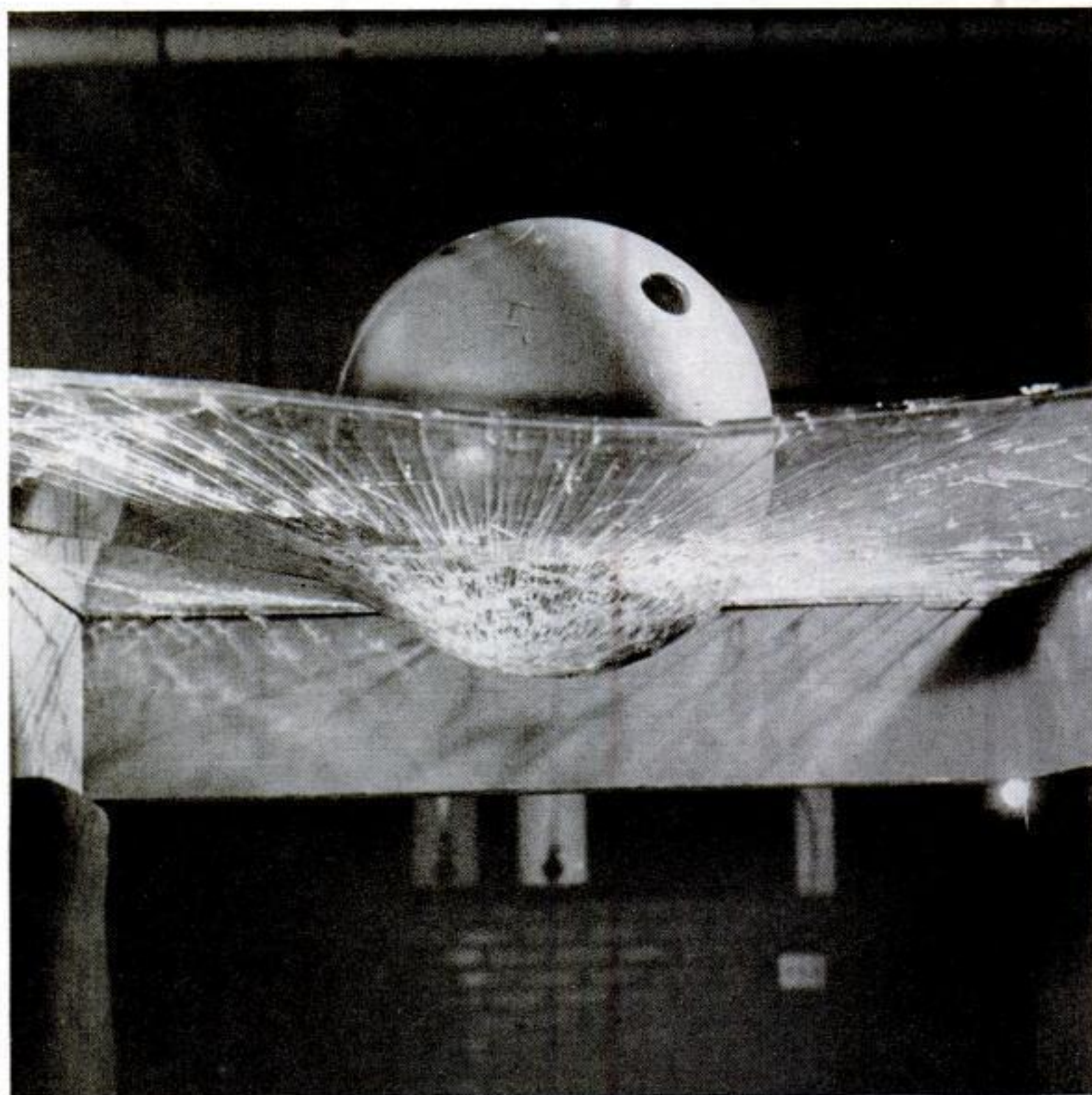


COAST GUARD CUTTER "TAHOE" CIRCLES AN ICEBERG TO TAKE ITS MEASUREMENTS, PLOT ITS DIRECTION AND SPEED





A THIN SHEET OF POLYVINYL ACETAL RESIN USED IN NEW SAFETY GLASS IS SO ELASTIC THAT IT WILL SPRING BACK TO SHAPE AFTER WORKER PUNCHES IT WITH FIST



Heavy bowling ball dropped on this high-test safety-glass plate cracks and bends but does not shatter it. Elasticity of the new glass will reduce injuries to motorists who are thrown against it.

NEW RUBBER-LIKE PLASTIC BINDER MAKES SAFETY GLASS THAT BENDS



DR. GEORGE B. WATKINS

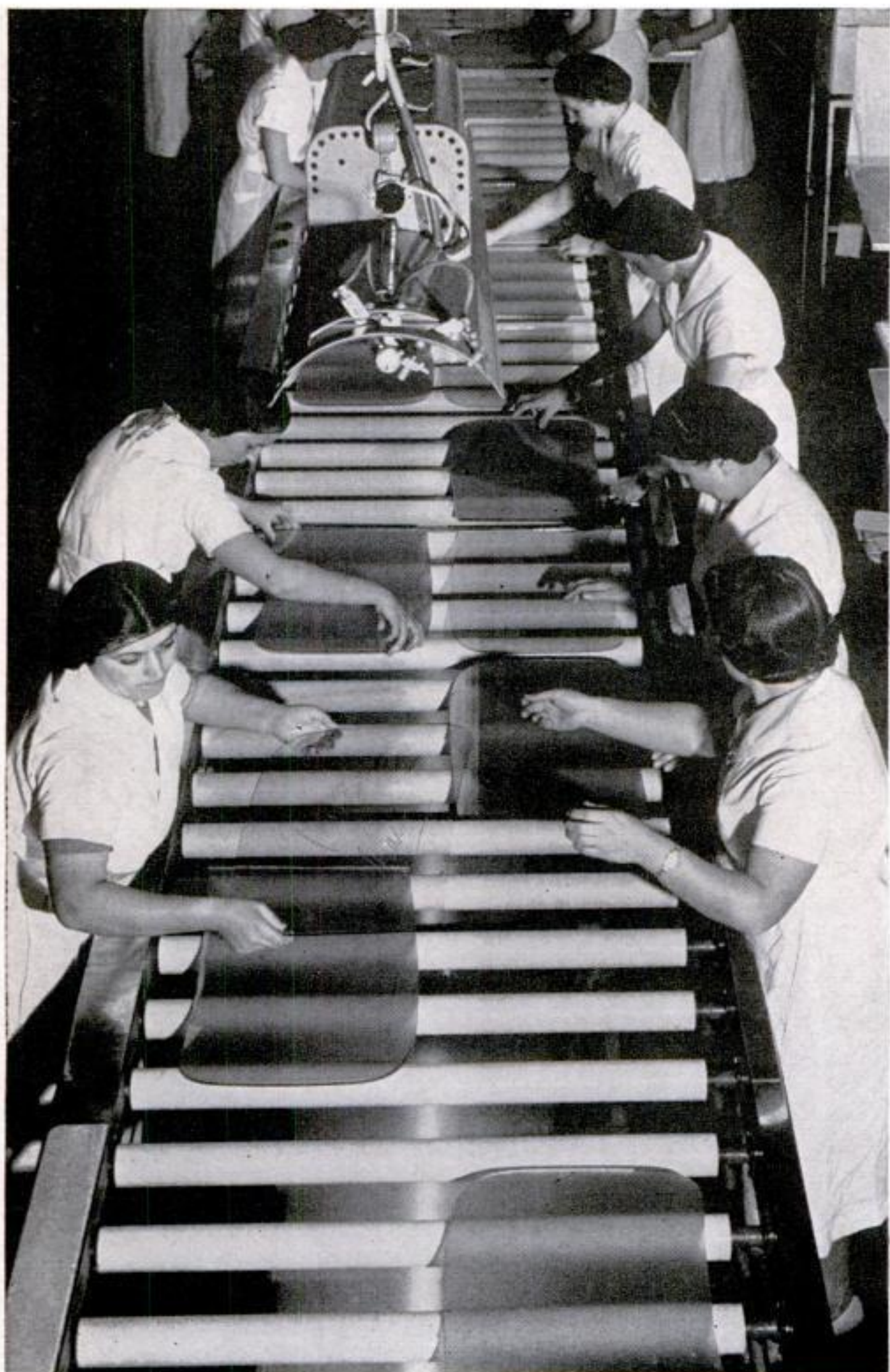
For six years, three of the country's leading chemical companies and two of the foremost glass manufacturers have been in a solemn scientific huddle. At a cost of about \$6,000,000, a hundred industrial scientists like Dr. G. B. Watkins of Libbey-Owens-Ford (left) have produced a new and better "high-test" safety glass for use in automobile windshields and windows.

Safety glass, in the ten years that it has been standard equipment on cars, has probably saved thousands of drivers from injury or death from splintered glass. But from the technical point of view it still needed improvement. In cold weather the plastic filler became brittle and the glass had a tendency to shatter. Unless the edges of the glass were specially sealed, moisture got in. Sunlight discolored the filler. And ordinary safety glass had little "give."

The secret of the new high-test safety glass, which has none of these faults, is a new plastic called polyvinyl acetal resin. The thin sheets of this plastic, which are sandwiched between glass plates, look and act like transparent rubber. They are springy enough to come back to shape after stretching and keep their elasticity even when cold. Under heat and pressure the plastic makes a permanent bond with the glass without any other adhesive, producing a safety glass that is so tough that a half-pound weight dropped a height of 84 ft. will not shatter a quarter-inch pane. So resilient is the plastic that the glass holds together under impacts that would fragment ordinary safety glass.



Tossed in a blanket of polyvinyl plastic by a sextet of willing scientists, this girl will land gently and thus demonstrate the resiliency of the new safety-glass filler.



Girls make sandwiches of glass and plastic on this conveyor. At this stage the plastic is not yet transparent, but when heated at high pressure it becomes clear.

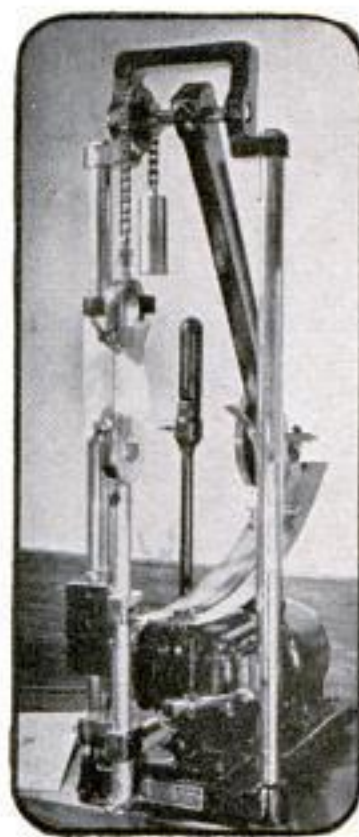
HOMEMAKERS GET THE FACTS

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WHITE SALE TIP FROM HOTEL RECORDS

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STRONGER BY TEST—Textile testing equipment further proves that Utica sheets exceed U. S. Government specifications and have a big extra margin of wear over lighter weight carded sheets. Often Uticas last twice as long—saving you money year after year.

It's thrifty to buy sheets during the January White Sales. But first take a tip from leading hotel executives. They report Utica sheets remain in service after laundering over 260 times . . . equivalent to more than 10 years normal home service. This means that the Utica sheets you buy today will probably still be soft, smooth and white even in 1950.

Utica sheets are extra durable because they are made from a longer fibre cotton—bleached without harsh, fabric-weakening chemicals—and contain no artificial filler to wash or wear off. P.S. Buy the 108-inch length—the correct length for sleeping comfort.

Prominent Hotel Executives Who Use UTICA SHEETS



Robert K. Christenberry, Vice Pres. & General Manager, Hotel Astor, N. Y. C.



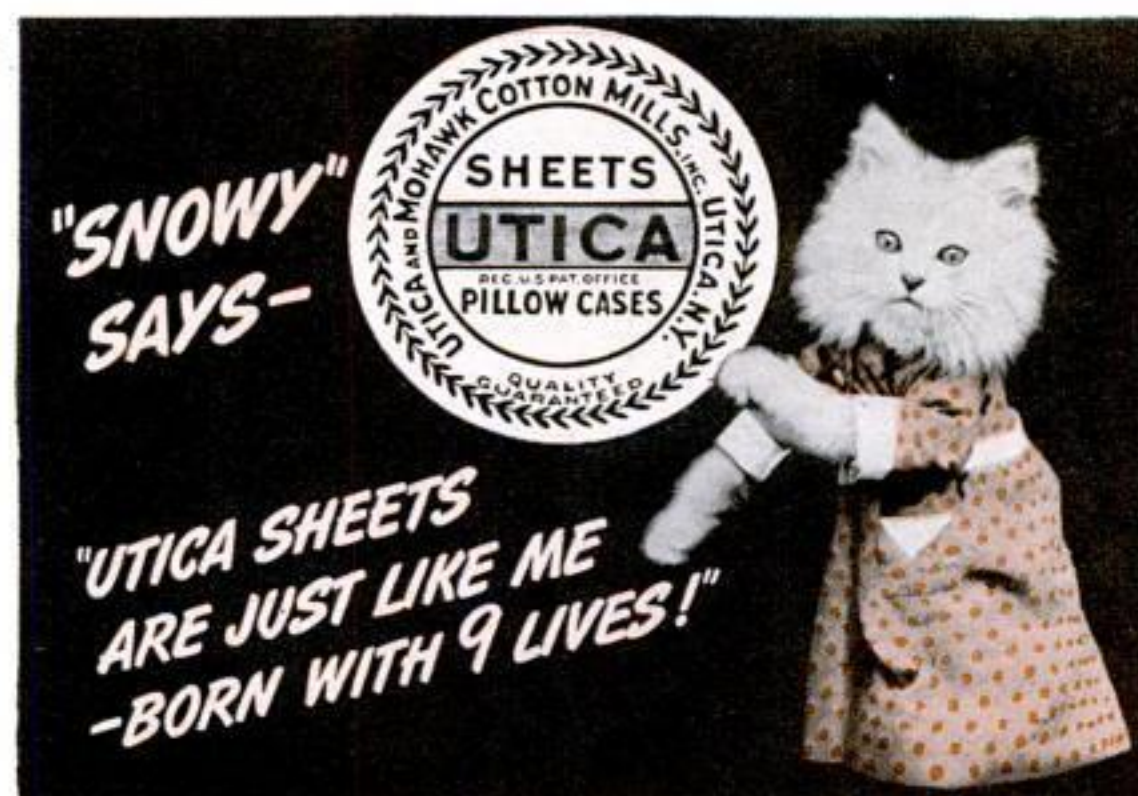
Gerald P. O'Neill, General Manager, Hotels Wm. Penn & Fort Pitt, Pittsburgh.



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THE GAY COLORS OF HAITI GLOW IN "PRIMITIVES" BY YOUNG AMERICAN PAINTER

Back in the hills of Haiti, at Beudet, lives a big, tough, warmhearted ex-U. S. Marine named "Doc" Reser, keeper of the Haitian madhouse and patron of the arts. Any artist who visits Haiti visits "Doc," and is usually offered food and shelter. Last winter to Port-au-Prince went a 25-year-old Italian-American painter named Angelo di Benedetto, intending to stay six weeks. He liked Haiti so much that he stayed six months—the last three with "Doc" Reser. He soon overcame his horror at discovering that "Doc" put locks neither on his house nor on the asylum next door, began worrying more about the hand-big tarantulas crawling on his ceiling.

Angelo di Benedetto was born in Paterson, N. J., of immigrant parents. At 16 he was studying art in New York, working his way mornings as a truck driver, afternoons as a bartender. Inspired by the religious art of Italian and Dutch primitives, Benedetto paints with their simplicity and vivid color. The primitive, colorful Haitians, with their strange mixture of African paganism and Roman Catholicism called voodoo, made ideal subjects for him.

This month his Haitian paintings will be exhibited in New York's Montross Gallery. On the next pages LIFE shows in advance two of them in color.



Watching an Easter parade in Haiti, Angelo di Benedetto kneels with Mrs. Pierre Castelain, wife of Greek consul.

Natives at left wear huge bonnets, with pillows on their stomachs as Haitian Easter is mostly a four-day masquerade.

"DOC" RESER ENJOYS AN EVENING AT HOME PLAYING DRUMS BETWEEN HIS HOUSEBOY (LEFT) AND CICERO MARSEILLES, WHOSE CABIN IS SHOWN IN PAINTING OPPOSITE





**"CALLING OF THE LOA":
BENEDETTO PAINTS THE
VOODOO GODS OF HAITI**

Benedetto's *Calling of the Loa* was inspired by Haiti's Easter festivals. In the doorway of a hut—model for which was the home of Cicero Marseilles, one of Haiti's best drummers—a voodoo priest summons the *loa* (gods) by the light of fat oil burning in an old tin can. The Southern Cross glows between the mountains at right. Haiti's gods are ancient African deities which have become identified with Roman Catholic saints. The five whom Benedetto has painted are, top to bottom, as follows:

Ogun is god of war, who eats red cocks and red beans, protects his followers from wounds by lethal weapons. He is the Haitian equivalent of St. James the Elder. *Agwe*, identified with St. Expeditus, is god of the sea. *Damballa Wedo*, most powerful of all

the gods, is the voodoo St. Patrick. Haitians will not kill snakes, because they believe his spirit dwells within them. *Erzilie*, identified by some Haitians with the Virgin Mary, is a fabulously wealthy woman who wears jeweled rings and a golden chain. Cleanliness is her worshipers' best tribute. *Papa Legba*, the Haitian version of St. Peter, is the god of procreation, guardian of highways and doorways. When a voodoo priest summons the gods, Papa Legba always comes first to act as interpreter.

The revelers around the hut have nothing to do with the ceremony. They are Haitian jitterbugs dancing the nonreligious *ra ra*, which is banned in Haiti's cities, except on weekends by permission of the police, because it usually ends in an all-night carouse.



"MORNING IN PORT-AU-PRINCE" SHOWS A TYPICAL HAITIAN STREET SCENE WITH WOMEN PEDDLERS BALANCING THEIR WARES ON THEIR HEADS



CATHOLIC PRIESTS, TOURISTS, PEDDLERS AND GOSSIPS APPEAR AT PORT-AU-PRINCE POST OFFICE. THE CITY'S FAVORITE GATHERING PLACE

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Hunchback of Notre Dame



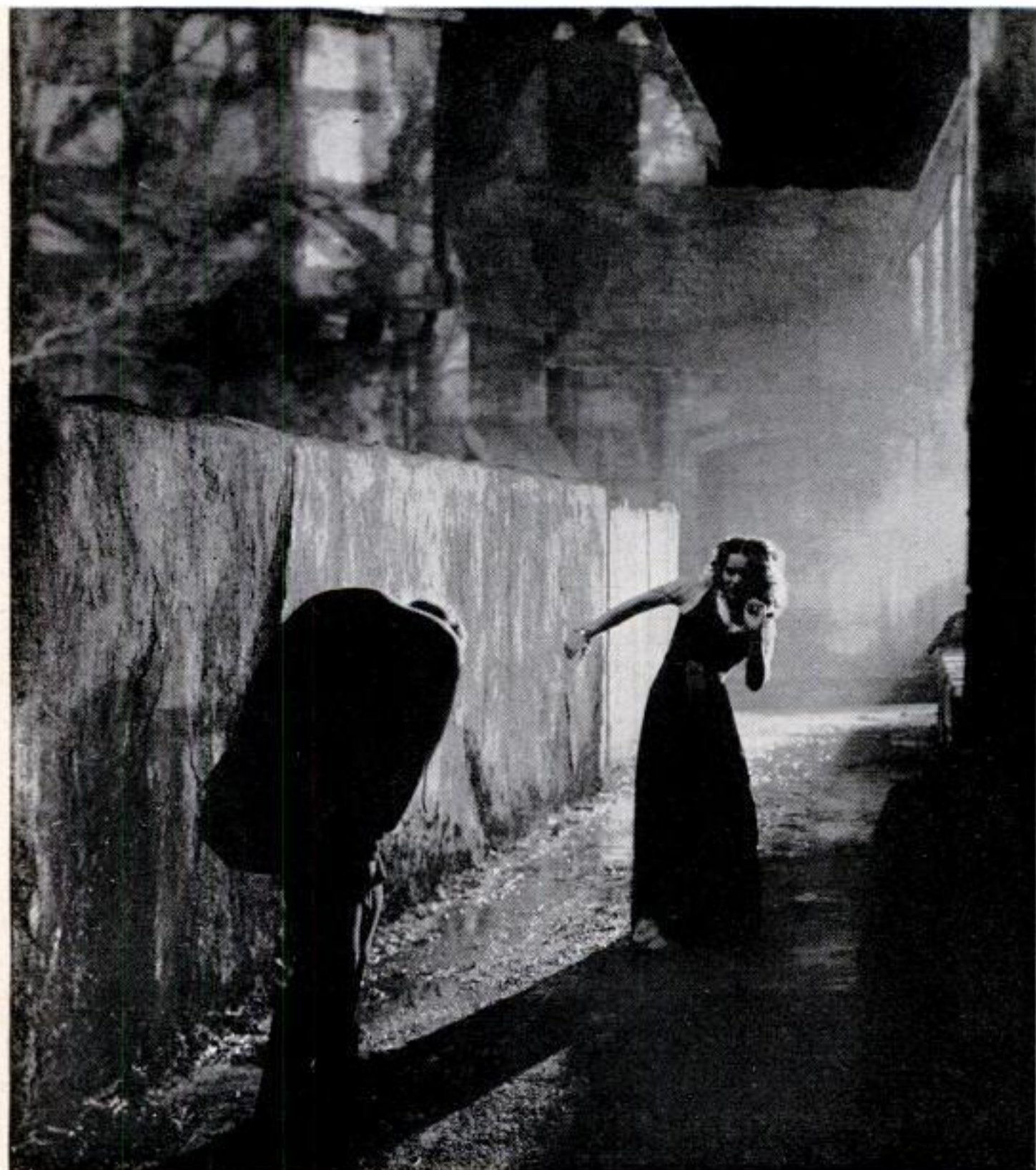
LAUGHTON AS HUNCHBACK

To see RKO's gigantic *Hunchback of Notre Dame* is to relive the golden days of the costume movie when historical spectacles like *Intolerance* (1916), *The Ten Commandments* (1923) and *Ben Hur* (1926) were the miracles of the age. Once again there is the same faithful reconstruction of ancient times and towns, the same clash and clang of ancient arms, the same turbulent mobs of extras, the same grand climax of battle and destruction. RKO blew its bankroll on *The Hunchback*, and the result is a picture that vies with the scenically great ones of all time.

To make it so, RKO built, on an 80-acre ranch in San Fernando Valley, a replica of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, 190 ft. high, complete with nave, towers, gargoyles, vaults, saints, madonnas, bells and stained-glass windows. Before it, they laid out a sweeping medieval city, with walls, moats, squares, market places, turrets, battlements and alleyways realistically littered with 1,700 crates of chopped-up celery stalks for garbage. Outdoor sets alone cost \$250,000.

Then, to convulse this gigantic make-believe into life, RKO told famed Director William Dieterle (*Zola*, *Juarez*) to round up 3,500 extras, the largest mob ever to swirl, fight and caper on the screen. Total budget exceeded \$2,000,000.

This is not the first time Victor Hugo's great horror story of the deformed bell ringer who fell in love with a gypsy girl has reached the screen. In 1923, the late Lon Chaney, under 40 lb. of make-up, startled the world with his silent version of it, a picture that became one of the box-office hits of the decade. Though Charles Laughton uses only 6 lb., it took him four hours each morning to achieve, with sponge-rubber cheek, false eye and hump, a grotesqueness so startling that no full-face publicity photograph was permitted. The one above was secretly taken, secretly smuggled out of the studio.



Horror at night in a medieval alley confronts Esmeralda when misshapen Quasimodo seeks to abduct her at the bidding of his evil master, the inquisitorial High Justice of France.



The gypsy girl dances for Parisian crowds at the Festival of Fools in 1483, when France, under Louis XI, is emerging from long Dark Ages of superstition. Esmeralda is played by 19-year-old Maureen O'Hara, Irish actress first presented by Laughton in his *Jamaica Inn* (LIFE, June 19).



Pity for pilloried Quasimodo, the hunchbacked bell ringer, is felt only by Esmeralda who, though he once sought to kidnap her, now quenches his thirst with water. Later, he watches from the belfry as Esmeralda is brought to Notre Dame square (below) to be hanged unjustly for murder.





A thrilling rescue from the gallows is witnessed by Parisians as Quasimodo swings down on a rope from Notre Dame tower and carries Esmeralda away. High in the belfry, he watches over the girl he has saved from execution (*below*).

Because she has been kind to him, he pitifully expresses to her his dawning realization of his own deformity. Meanwhile the nobles, fearing that her escape will encourage the restive Paris populace, urge the King to rescind the cathe-

dral's sanctuary. Incensed at this news, the mob turns out in mass to rescue her, but feeble-witted Quasimodo deluges them with molten lead (*opposite*). King Louis finally intervenes and restores Esmeralda to the poet who loves her.





ENGLAND AT WAR

LIFE GOES ON IN THE DARK

When night falls on England now, nothing happens. No street lamps go on. No windows light up. London and all the cities and towns of England plunge into the pitch dark of the 17th Century. The silence of the streets is eerie. It is broken now and then by the sound of a tapping cane, by the solitary honk of a bus feeling its way through the black. Some future night it may be broken by the crash of bombs and anti-aircraft shells and the wail of the sirens. But now the risk of walking out at night in London is the considerable danger of getting run over or completely lost in a city of 7,000,000 lit only by a moon.

The war, with its reality of boredom and its prospect of doom, has done strange things to England. The home-loving Englishman does not much mind sitting home nights. He plays games: darts, chess, halma, draughts, ludo, backgammon or war games like Jutland, Dover Patrol, *L'Attaque*, Strategy or a new Air Raid Precaution version of parcheesi called Snakes and Ladders. Life is too uncertain to read detective stories now. Instead, he reads reassuring books by Dickens and Jane Austen.

But his home is no longer his castle. Under the war law called EPA, any man with a uniform or a badge may enter his house, search it, turn out his lights and send him to bed or take him to jail. His children have been taken to the country by the Government and are raising hob in the homes of strangers. Some have come back to London but the Government still refuses to re-open the schools in the big cities. Hence, some 100,000 children are "running wild" on London's streets, 45,000 in Manchester, 75,000 in Birmingham, 80,000 in Liverpool.

His womenfolk are gleefully wearing pants and serving in the "Wrens" (Women's Royal Naval Service), "Wats" (Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service), "Fannies" (First Aid Nursing Yeomanry), "Waafs" (Women's Auxiliary Air Force) and the un-nicknamable WVS—Women's Voluntary Service, the biggest of them all. And he is worrying about their morals.

Another seamy side of war has been the discharge of tens of thousands of typists, clerks, stenographers, house servants, show girls, newspapermen, salesclerks, restaurant waiters, et al.

Besieged by German submarines, the cost of living in England is now up 10% over peacetime levels. Government controllers "pool" and ration nearly all the Englishman's necessities: gasoline, steel, timber, wool, jute and flax, hemp, leather, silk, tea, fish, coal, meat, bacon, sugar, cocoa, flour, yeast, cheese, birdseed, suits, prunes and butter. Butter and bacon are running low and the Government is pushing "mutton bacon" called "macon." Lamb is plentiful.

Pavement artists have turned to such themes as "Ribbentrop, the Human Viper" on the gallows. Criminals, overcrowded in "safe" country jails, are on the verge of riot, demanding that they be allowed to join the Army. The blackouts have caused more deaths than the war: a total of more than 3,000, an average of 33 a day. While the old "depressed areas" are booming, London is becoming a depressed area. Sensitive people are developing nausea, lassitude, irritability and the inability to concentrate from "blackout blues." The new taxes, taking nearly seven-eighths of the income of the rich, threaten to deal a death blow to the great estates. But the war has torn through class lines, brought together rich and poor, countrymen and city men. To some, it looks like a social revolution, foreshadowing socialism in England.

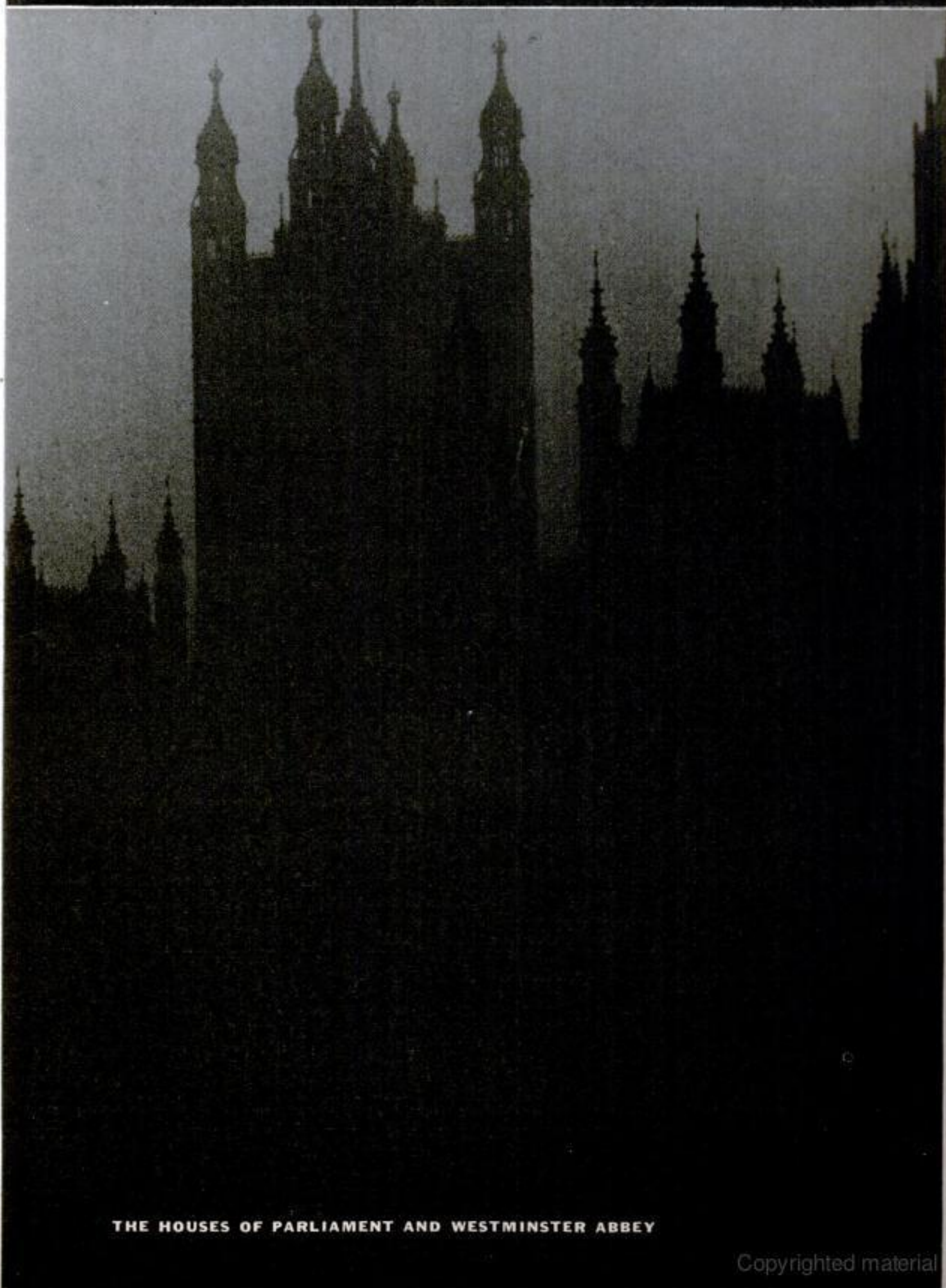
In fact, England is more of a democracy today than it was before Sept. 1. Able men who lacked the "old school tie" are at last taking command. Pacifists, Communists and Fascists still bellow freely in Hyde Park. Though Englishmen who want the news subscribe to American newspapers, English papers criticize the Government. Wrote one columnist; "It oughtn't to need a war to make a nation give all its slum children a holiday in the country . . . talk to each other in buses, live simply, eat sparingly and recover the use of our legs . . ."

The bravado and the hate of 1914-18 are notably lacking. But having gone to so much discomfort, every Englishman is now determined to rid the world of Adolf Hitler before he settles back into comfort again.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42



MOON OVER LONDON'S CHIMNEY POTS



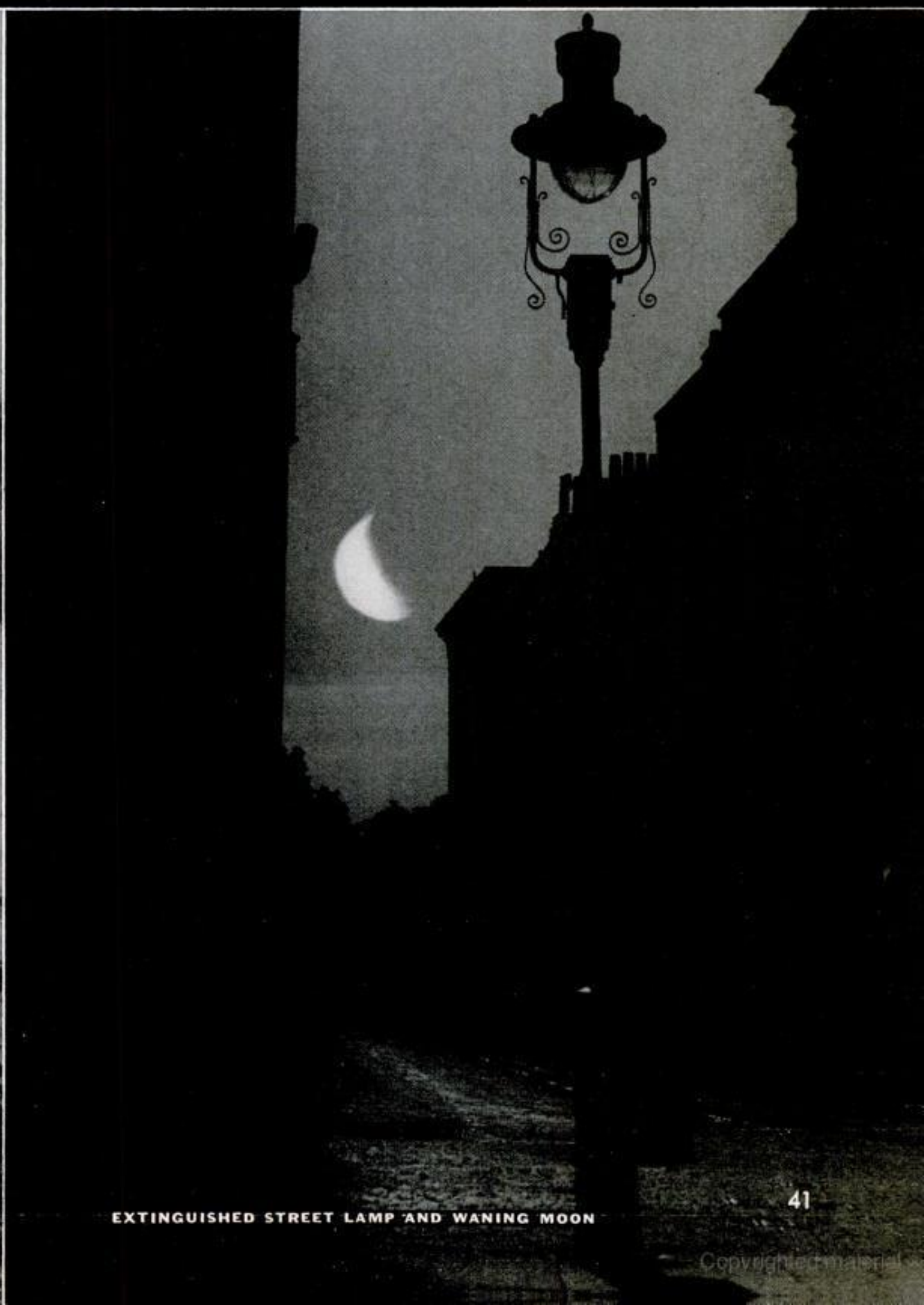
THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY



PICCADILLY CIRCUS, THE CURVING FRONTS OF REGENT STREET AND BOARDED-UP STATUE OF EROS (LEFT). STREAKS ARE STARS AND CARS IN LONG EXPOSURE



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL AND THE THAMES



EXTINGUISHED STREET LAMP AND WANING MOON

THE PORT OF LONDON FEEDS ENGLAND

England is an island. To live, it must get the whole world to feed and supply it, must keep its ships moving over all the high seas. More than a third of all these ships tie up at the Port of London, shown on these pages after three months of war by LIFE's Photographer Carl Mydans.

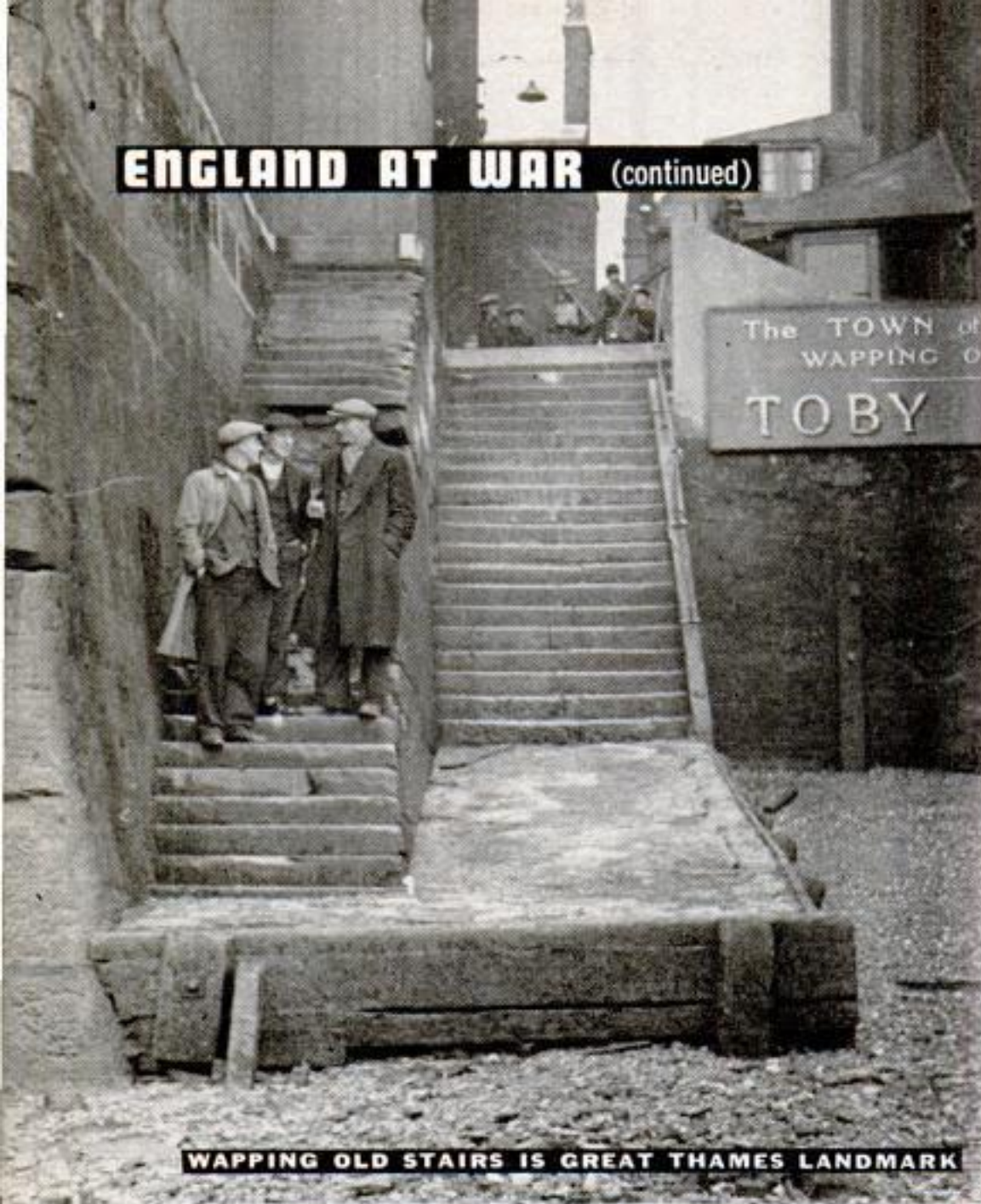
Many Londoners never see a dock or a ship, so spread out and hard to find is the vast apparatus of the Port of London. It runs 70 miles from the open sea to Teddington Lock above London. Thirty years ago the Government took a first step toward socialism by buying for \$110,000,000 the great London docks—St. Katherine, Surrey Commercial, London, East and West India, Royal Albert, Royal Victoria, King George V, Millwall and Tilbury Docks. Quays, jetties and the oil depot at Thames Haven are still privately owned. The rest—44 miles and 4,000 acres of docks, warehouses with a capacity of a million tons and 1,500 cranes—belongs to the Government. Last year it handled 60,000 ships and 42,000,000 tons of merchandise worth \$3,000,000,000.

In these warehouses is enough frozen meat to last England six months. Here come frozen lamb, butter

and wool from Australia; butts of sherry and port from Portugal and Spain; tobacco from Virginia, Canada, Rhodesia; tea from Ceylon and China; ivory from Zanzibar and Tanganyika; indigo, scent, hops, mother-of-pearl, marble, cinnamon, Peruvian bark, gums, quicksilver, rubber, puncheons of rum, wheat, cheese, bacon. Shown here are a few glimpses of the greatest concentration of real wealth in the world.

Today the Government has created "pools" in many of these commodities. Instead of bidding, buyers are assigned their share by Government controllers. England is running somewhat short of butter, bacon and meat. Gasoline is strictly rationed.

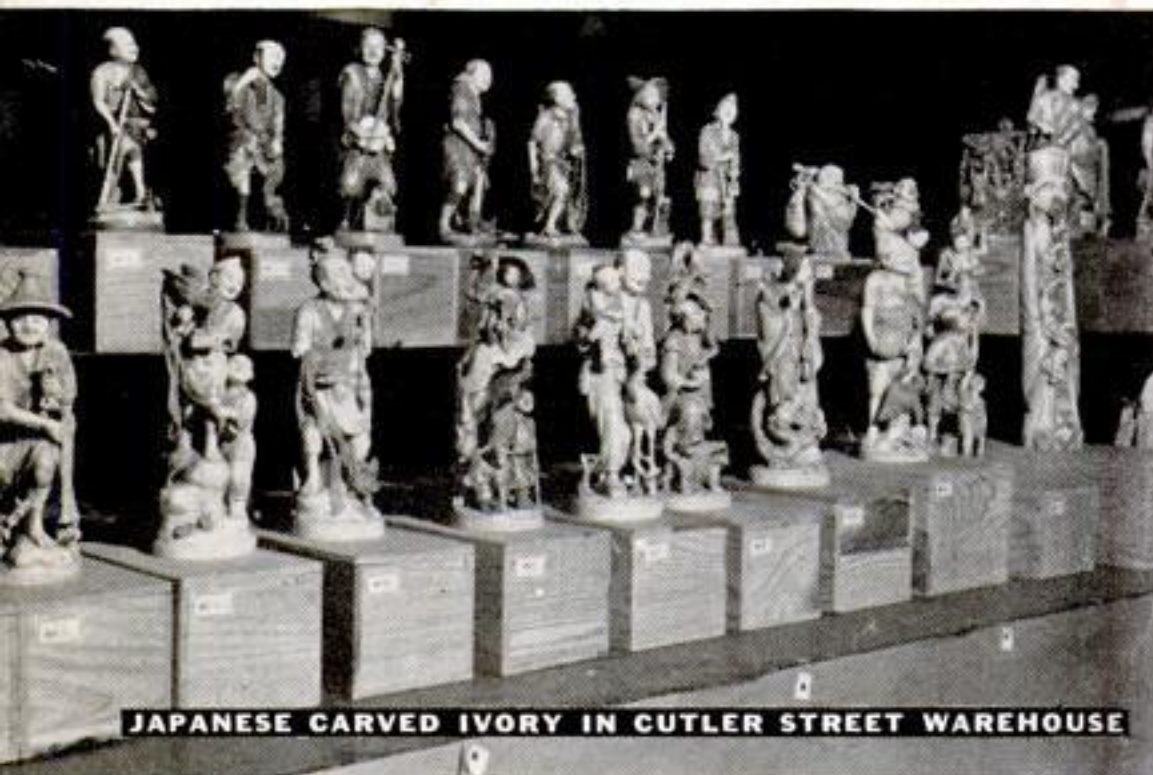
The Port of London's long and romantic history includes a stage when pirates were bound on the tide-water flats below Prospect of Whitby public house (*upper right*) to drown in the inrush of the 20-ft. tide. Dealing today with German submarines, planes and mines instead, the Port of London Authority is an august body of 28 men, 18 elected and ten appointed. Its 20,000 employes are steady, self-respecting cockneys. So far they have been kept busier than ever unloading the goods that keep England fighting.



WAPPING OLD STAIRS IS GREAT THAMES LANDMARK



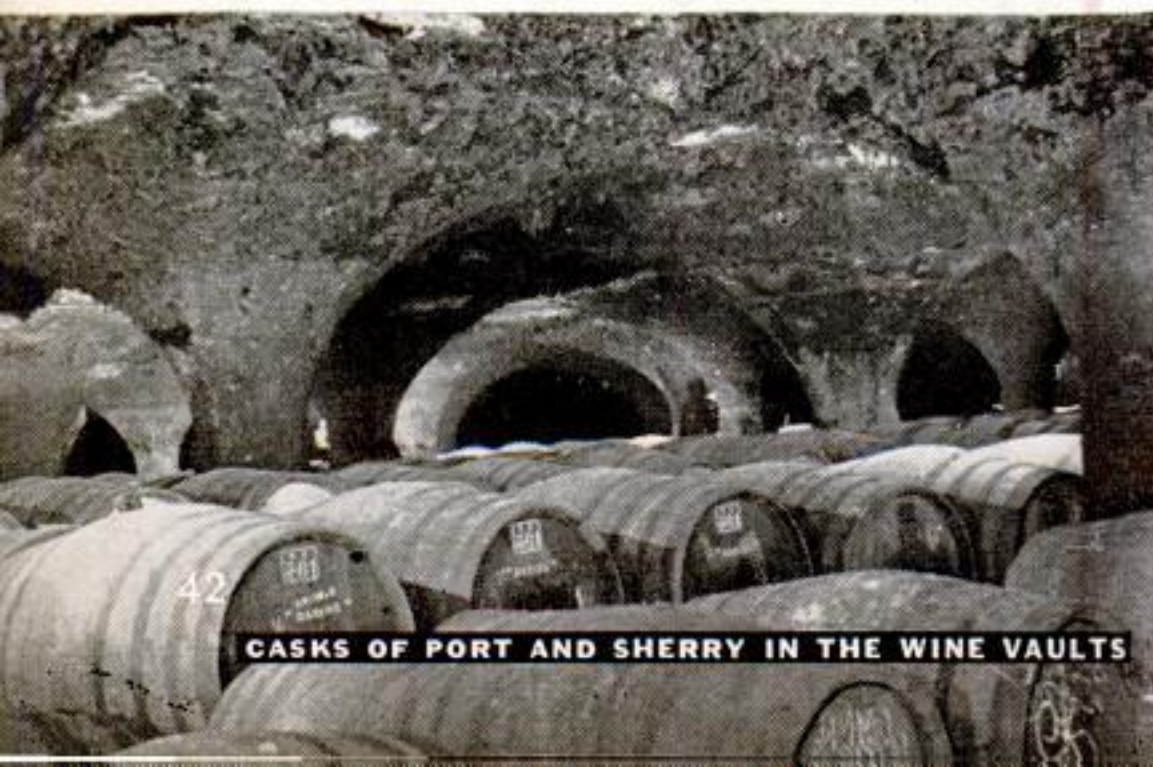
ELEPHANT TUSKS IN LONDON DOCKS' IVORY WAREHOUSE



JAPANESE CARVED IVORY IN CUTLER STREET WAREHOUSE



PORT OF LONDON AUTHORITY HANDLES OSTRICH FEATHERS



CASKS OF PORT AND SHERRY IN THE WINE VAULTS



Blue ensign of the Port of London Authority flaps behind a river launch of the Authority. In the distance is the

Tower Bridge. All of the water in the photograph is the so-called Upper Pool, high point on the Thames for big ships.



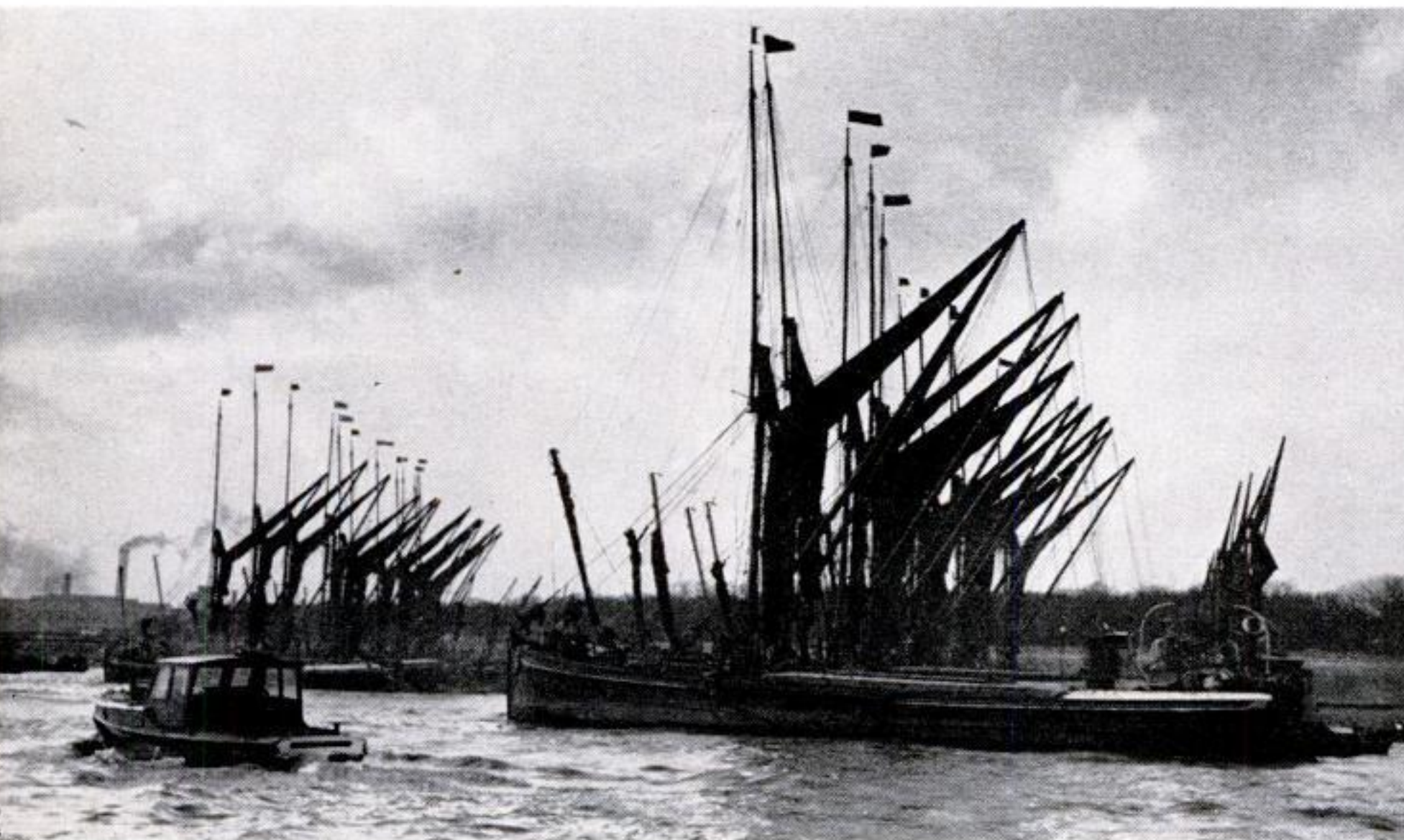
The Upper Pool looking down river from London Bridge at Tower Bridge. At right and left are a few of the three-ton

electric luffing cranes that do the Port of London's work. Beyond the bridge are London and St. Katherine Docks.



Freighter from Bombay, the SS Durenda, carrying carpets, hemp, rice and hides, is pulled stern foremost into Royal

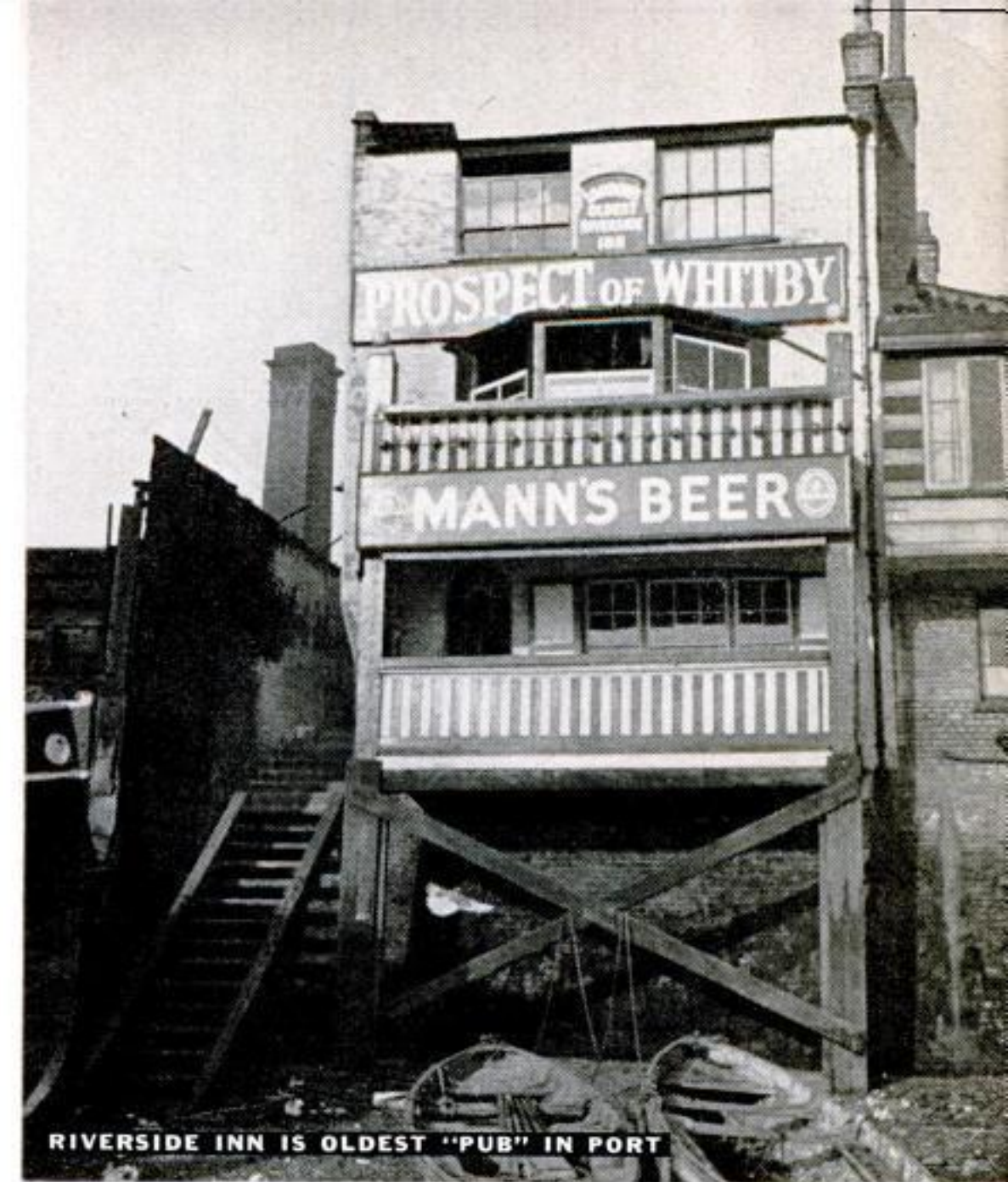
Victoria Dock which, with its companion docks Royal Albert and George V, is world's biggest body of enclosed water.



Two score sailing barges lie in Lower Pool with their sails clewed up. They serve as lighters to carry cargo from docks

to warehouses all along the river banks. Here are Surrey Commercials' Lady, Lavender and Greenland Docks.

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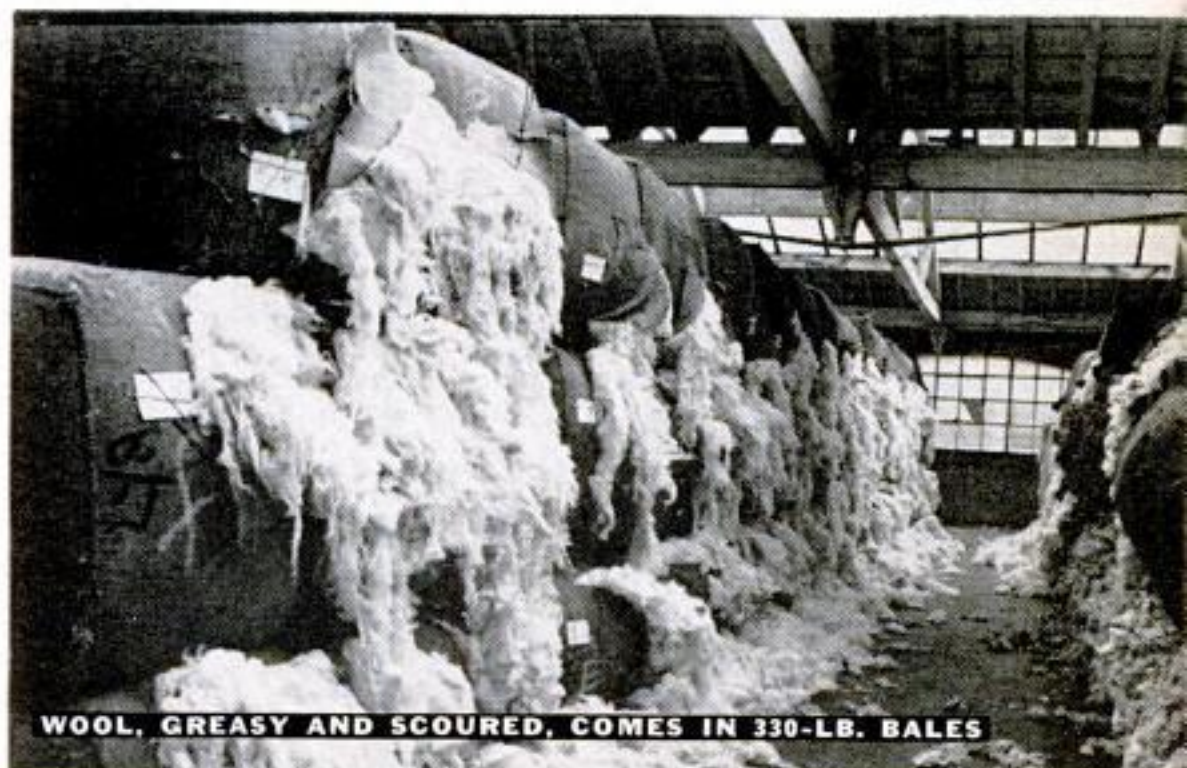
RIVERSIDE INN IS OLDEST "PUB" IN PORT



INSPECTOR TESTS LEAF CEYLON ORANGE PEKOE TEA



FROZEN PIGS ARE STORED AT ROYAL ALBERT WAREHOUSE



WOOL, GREASY AND SCOURED, COMES IN 330-LB. BALES



TOBACCO, IN HALF-TON HOGSHEADS AT ROYAL ALBERT

NOW IN "BATTLE DRESS," ITS PECULIAR PEOPLE MYSTIFY VISITING AMERICANS

by NOEL F. BUSCH

The English are a most peculiar race. In general, they tend to like confusion, money, tea, conversation, animals, Americans and little sticks of one sort or another. They dislike very few things, which is an asset in peacetime but unfortunate during a war. War does not interest

the English. The present one gets very little space in their newspapers which are devoted as usual to horse racing, funny remarks made in court, letters from eccentric readers and long-winded editorials about bird life or community singing.

Among the primitive customs of the English is the institution of classes. The upper class lives off the lower class. The lower class works for the upper class. Neither class sees anything strange in this arrangement and each treats the other politely.

The salient fact about England is that it is picaresque. The country is small, the houses are small, the roads are narrow, the hills are low, the rivers are brooks and the rain is a drizzle. The people are full-sized but, in conformity with their surroundings, their reactions are delicate. They control their tempers, believe in ghosts and have a code of behavior which is utterly at variance with human nature.

English people eat oily little fish, kidney stew, lukewarm mush and other such stuff for breakfast. This suits them perfectly. They also consume strange drinks such as gin and tonic, which serve to keep the swamp fever out of their bones.

Since they do not enjoy killing other people, the English take abnormal joy in killing foxes, small birds and the like. One of the reasons why the upper class dislikes war is that it impedes pheasant shooting, for which English gentlemen usually mobilize in the autumn.

Unlike most islanders, English people treat strangers with exaggerated kindness and respect. They are monogamous. Parents enjoy an unusual degree of love and respect from their offspring. The rebellious elements among the English have been strained off by emigration and the docile remnants respond readily to authority of all sorts.

The English have many idiosyncrasies. They drive their cars on the wrong side of the road, call gasoline "petrol," and regard motoring as a sport rather than a utility.

English people dislike change and are loyal to everything old from kings to jokes. English peers wear the same shirt for two days and six popular songs will last England for a year.

The misunderstanding inevitable when people speak to each other in different languages is increased, when Americans and English speak to each other, by their mutually misplaced confidence that they are speaking the same language. Words mean nothing outside their sphere of reference. Since English and American spheres of reference are different, the words mean different things. Ordinary words like "old," "war," "democracy," and "road" need a coefficient sign when used in America about England.

Although they love money, the English do not like to touch it and will not compete for it. In fact, unlike Americans, who compete with each other all the time about everything, the British rarely compete about anything among themselves. Until aroused by threats from the outside, they tend to be drowsy little beings, well content to leave things as they are.

The English undoubtedly talk too much. However, because they like it, they do it extremely well

The following notes were written by a LIFE editor who has spent the last six weeks in England, examining the country and its reactions to the war. As such they are to be regarded not as LIFE's official conclusions about England but as the author's own observations on a perpetually fascinating subject.

and moreover, being polite enough to take turns, have learned to understand almost anything that is said to them in their own language.

The English are individualists and have the courage of their neuroses. Most English women are not appealing but those who get the idea about

being attractive are astonishingly attractive. Most English men don't understand about work but those who do don't understand about relaxation. Thus in most fields of endeavor, the ordinary English performer is incompetent but the extraordinary performer is superlative.

All sorts of people get along well in England. The Duke of Argyll believes in elves. Lord Beaverbrook answers his mail by throwing it on the floor. Finding her evacuees covered with lice, a British lady put these city children in the sheep dip. English people are not surprised by this sort of thing. They are rarely surprised by anything.

Reproductive activity in England tends to be sublimated. As a matter of fact, comparatively speaking, there is not much of it. Englishmen as a rule seem to prefer consulting in clubs, pubs and what not to associating with their wives.

English people are friendly to each other and fond of their King, who represents a kind of parent. It would not occur to English people of either class to wiggle or fidget when the band plays *God Save the King*. Members of the government are liked rather than revered and everyone speaks of Winston Churchill as "Winston."

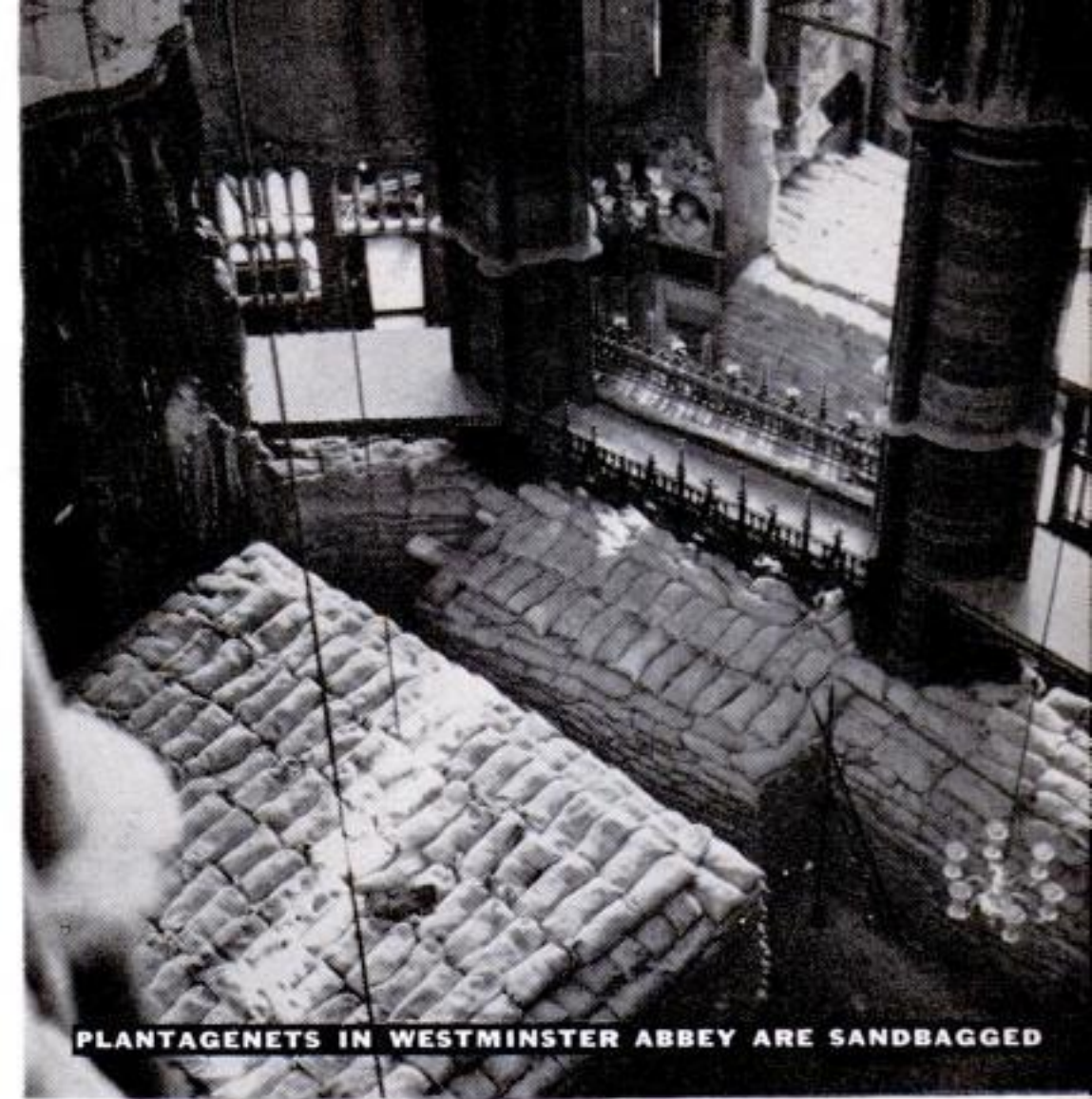
Englishmen, thriving like mushrooms in the damp, love water and honestly regard all the seas of the world as their private property.

England has had so many wars that everyone knows exactly what to do when a new one is declared. Neville Chamberlain had scarcely finished announcing the start of the current one last September before English women started knitting, in many cases using wool left over from 1918. Men try to get into military service so as not to feel lonely as civilians.

Just as it is conventional in England to dress for dinner when there is no war, it is conventional not to dress for dinner when there is war. Englishmen like military uniforms but now call them "battle dress."

In London, which is built on a bog in the first place, many different streets have the same names. All the streets are naturally crooked and undersized. The numbers of houses on them are not only mixed up but usually concealed. All this makes reaching a destination so difficult under ordinary circumstances as to suggest that "blackouts" are less a precautionary measure than the ultimate refinement in the city's traffic system.

In predicting the outcome of a horse race, a wise investigator will refer to a past-performance chart. The same method is applicable in other fields. The English have so far won more wars, furnished livelier people, done more good turns, written more great books and made more magnificent commotion on this planet than any other group that has ever lived here. It is true that they are deficient in a few respects, such as music and mechanized knick-knacks but this is a small matter. Considered in toto, they are much the best that the world has produced so far. Until the chart indicates otherwise, they may be expected to hold top rating.



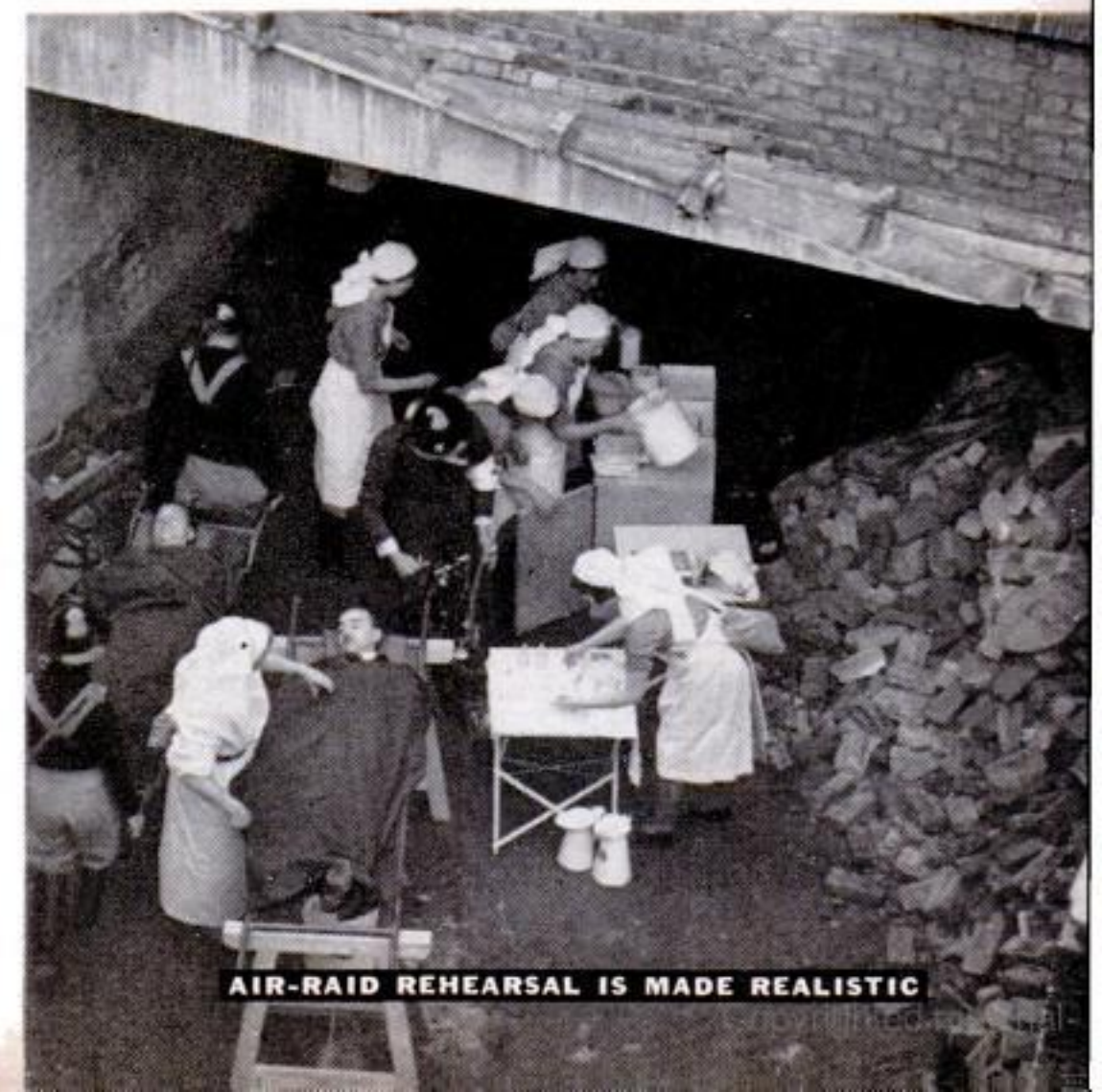
PLANTAGENETS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ARE SANDBAGGED



GENERAL IRONSIDE'S DAUGHTER DRIVES FOR ARMY



A COUNTRY GIRL DANCES FOR SOLDIERS' BENEFIT



AIR-RAID REHEARSAL IS MADE REALISTIC



WAAF GIRLS IN UNIFORMS SWING ALONG LIKE SOLDIERS



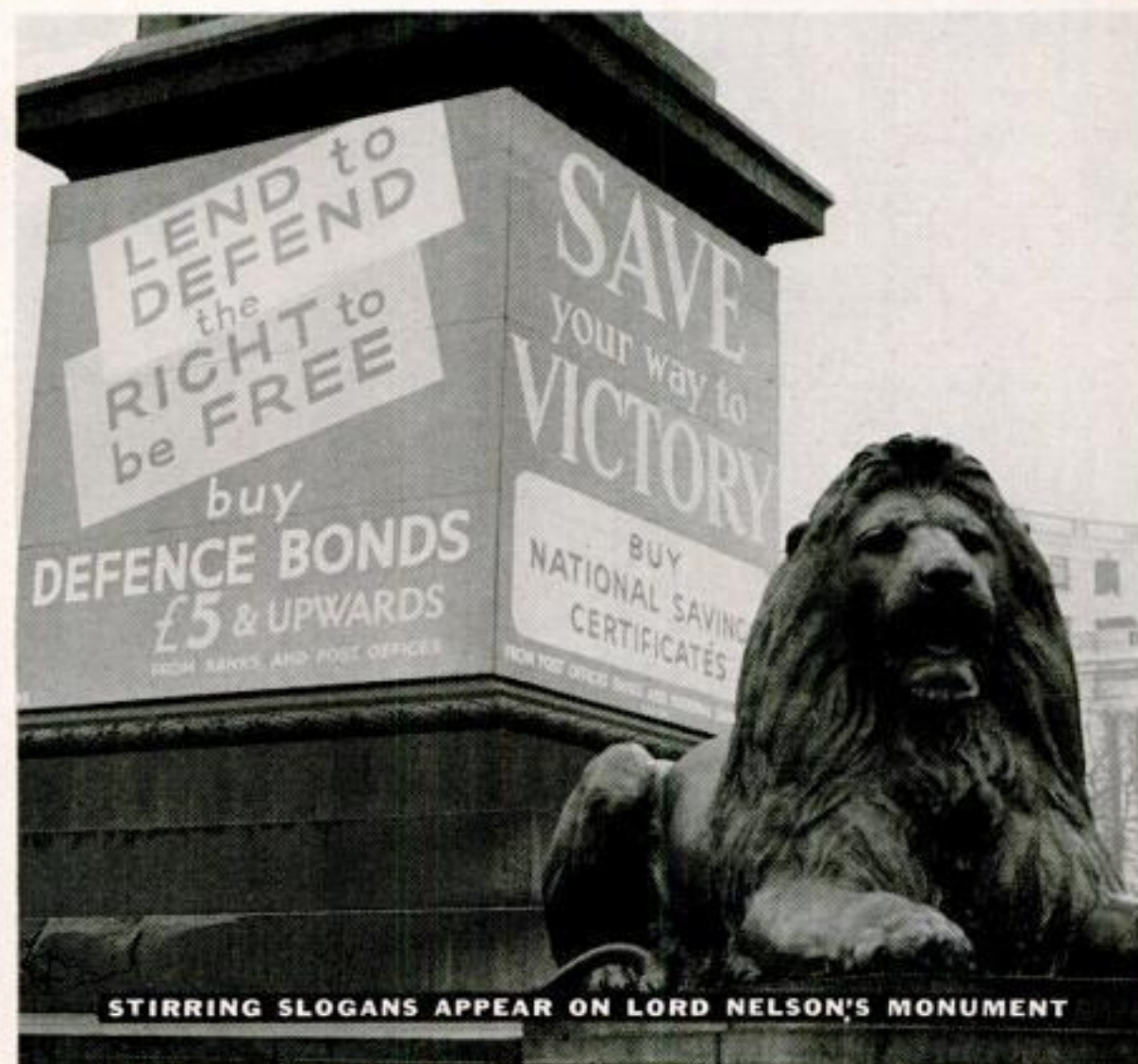
SENTRY WATCHES RAILWAY TUNNEL



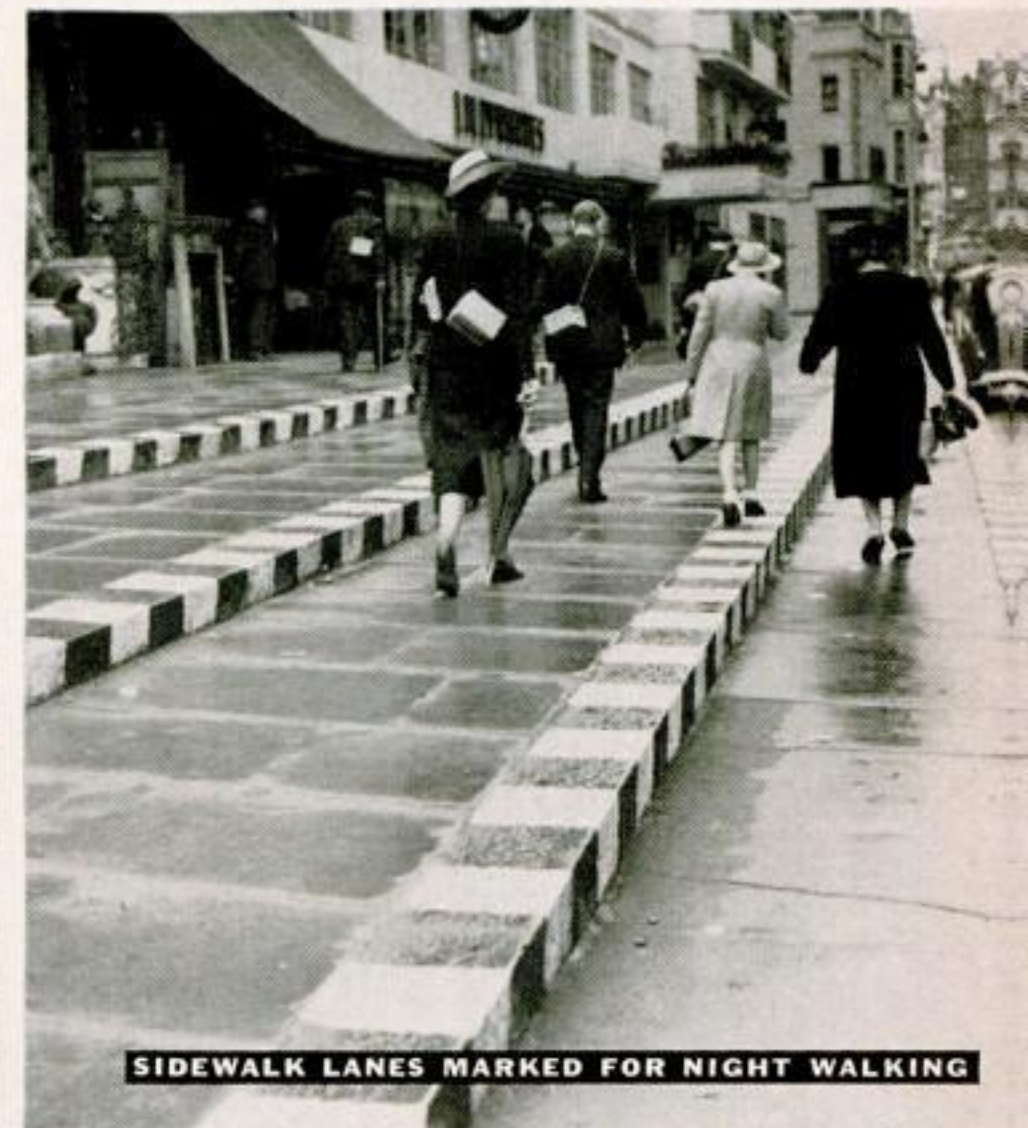
ETHIOPIA'S EX-EMPEROR WAITS OUT WAR IN LONDON



MOTHER BRINGS DOLL TO EVACUATED DAUGHTER



STIRRING SLOGANS APPEAR ON LORD NELSON'S MONUMENT



SIDEWALK LANES MARKED FOR NIGHT WALKING



PHOTOGRAPHERS SWARM TO FIRTH OF FORTH FOR GERMANS



ETON BOY IN GLOVES TRAINS FOR ARMY



RATIONED GASOLINE MAKES PICCADILLY CIRCUS LOOK LIKE THIS



MUSTARD GAS "VICTIM" IS STRIPPED



MUSTARD GAS IS WASHED OFF "VICTIM"



GASSED CLOTHES ARE STEAMED IN BAGS



"GAS CASES" AFTER DECONTAMINATION

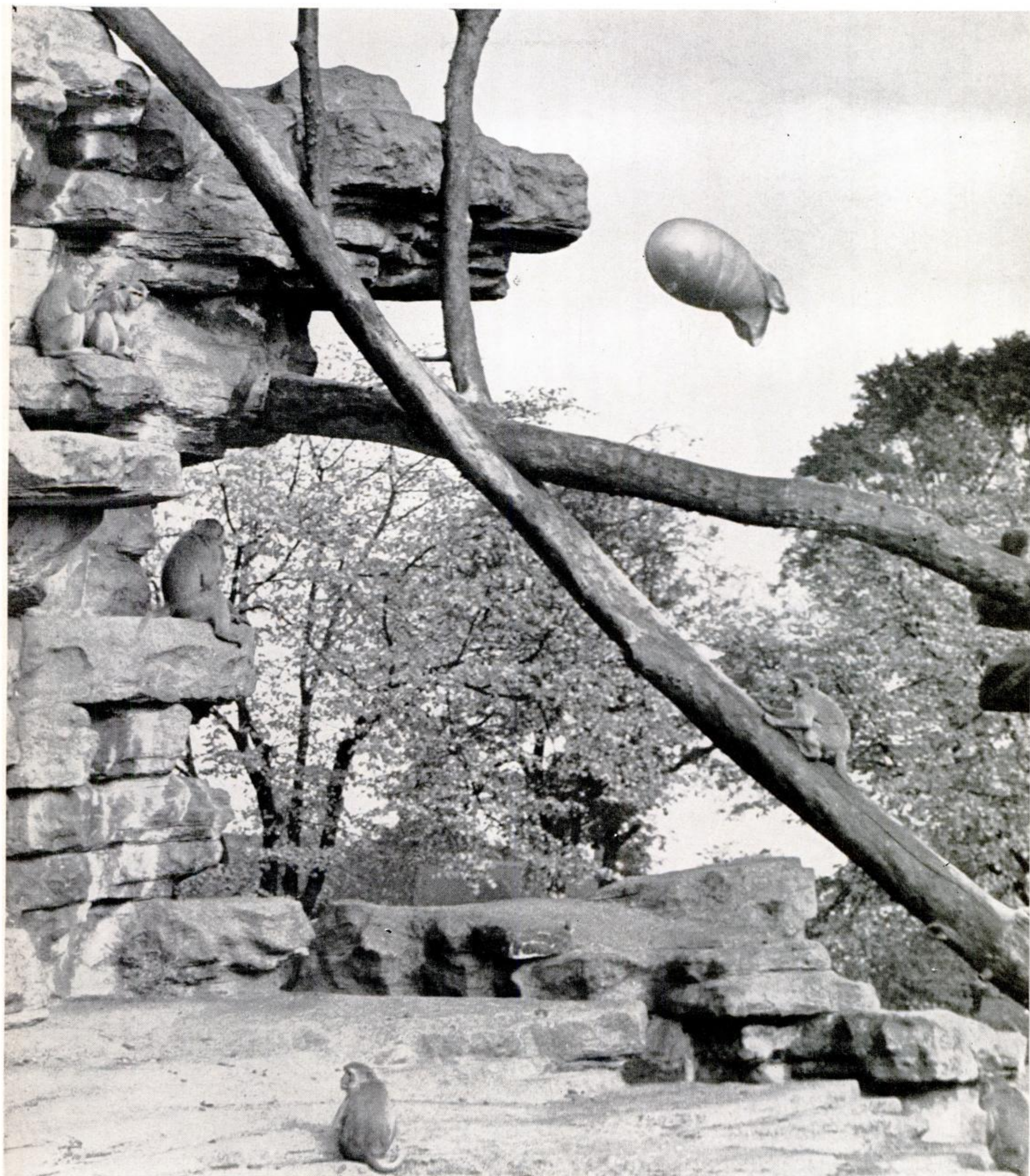


ROMANCE WALKS DOWN THE LANE

War is always a hothouse for romance and England is no exception. Its men ponder the terrible thought that they may never see a woman again. Its women wonder whether they will see one particular man again. This makes for trouble, leads to many a bitter post-War hangover.

The pair above, strolling down a lovely English lane, are in only the first stages of this glamorous plot. Private Fox is a young man from another part of England, stationed in this village for training.

She is a local girl, the belle of the village, who has never before had her choice of so many men. But all over England, bishops and aldermen and miscellaneous busybodies are now warning the soldiers against the girls, and the girls against the soldiers. There is a great deal of talk of soldiers who get drunk every night, of girls who waylay men. "We must continue to oppose," said the chairman of the Equal Moral Standards Committee, "all theories which tend to brutalize the sexual side in wartime."



MONKEYS WATCH WAR BALLOONS

To the rhesus monkeys of London Zoo, connoisseurs of human silliness, war has brought an inexplicable new experience. From Monkey Hill, they can see a bobbing line of balloons in the sky which their anthropological superiors have put there for airplanes to run into. This is the famed balloon barrage of London, whose wires are supposed to prevent German bombing planes from coming in at low altitudes.

The balloon barrage, which British censors do not like to see in photographs, is not quite as silly as it

may seem to the monkeys. But these animals are far better off than some of their companions in the London Zoo. At the beginning of the war, the keepers hastily exterminated the poisonous snakes and spiders. The freshwater fish were all dumped in Three Island pond to be eaten by one another. The penguins were switched to a diet of meat smeared with cod-liver oil. Animal-loving citizens adopted the pygmy hippopotamus, three giant pandas and a dormouse. At the Southend Zoo everything was killed.



LEADER MARTIN WITH FELLOW-REPUBLICAN CONGRESSMEN IN HIS OFFICE IN WASHINGTON. IN LIFE POLL CORRESPONDENTS VOTED HIM THE ABLEST U. S. REPRESENTATIVE



JOE MARTIN ON STEPS OF THE CAPITOL

JOE MARTIN

REPUBLICAN LEADER OF THE HOUSE, HEADING FOR SPEAKERSHIP OR THE

Joseph William Martin Jr., Minority Leader of the U. S. House of Representatives, is a blacksmith's son who never got to college. Middle-sized and middle-aged, with a Yankee-Irish tongue which slips occasionally into folk errors of grammar and pronunciation, he has nothing of the hero or messiah about him, not even a glimmer of glamor. If you met him walking down Washington Street in North Attleboro, Mass., dressed in his conservative blue pin-striped suit, square black shoes, Chesterfield coat and gray fedora, first-naming everybody he meets and being first-named in return, you could hardly mistake him for anything but what, at base, he is: a plain, sober, hard-working, successful, popular businessman-politician of a type to be met on almost any Main Street.

Yet, at this moment in its history, America has no more significant citizen than Joe Martin.

Says Article I, Section I of the U. S. Constitution: "All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." This week, from Hancock, N. H., and Fairview, Kan., and Saddlestring, Wyo., from Wayzata, Minn., Anadarko, Okla., Hoquiam, Wash., and Exira, Iowa, from Perryopolis, Pa., and Poplarville, Miss., from Troy, N. Y., and Carthage, Tenn., from Hoople, N. D., and Houma, La., from Skowhegan, Me., and Muskegon, Mich., and Kokomo, Ind., from Salem, Ill., and scores of other

home towns and cities of America, 325 assorted citizens are moving toward Washington in accordance with that provision, as they and their predecessors have been gathering regularly for 151 years. With the crack of gavels at noon on Jan. 3, they will become the Congress of the United States.

Products of 50-odd different occupations, they include, besides lawyers, 28 newspapermen, two druggists, a locomotive engineer, 19 schoolteachers, 17 bankers, two social workers, 13 insurance agents, four economists, a dentist, a meat packer, a veterinary, a stagehand and the co-owner of the world's biggest ranch. Individually, they vary greatly. Some are scholars, outstanding citizens, experts in government. Some are hacks, time-servers, crackpots. Most are something in between. As a group, they are a working cross-section of the people they represent.

This is even truer of the House than of the Senate, which, despite the fact that it has been elected directly by the people instead of by State legislatures since 1913, still retains something of its original character as a body of sages and elder statesmen. Go into the hushed, thick-carpeted Senate chamber and you may be somewhat awed: by the white manes, the distinguished figures, the famous names. Walk across the Capitol to the noisy, crowded House chamber and your awe vanishes. These fellows, slouching in their seats, reading newspapers, strolling up and down the aisles, keeping up a steady hum of chatter, look no different from the crowd at any Kiwanis Club meeting. If anything, they appear to a disappointed eye to be worse dressed and a trifle on the runty side. Most of them are unknown to national fame and not even particularly honored in their home towns. They are, in fact, exactly what the Founders of the Republic intended them to be: The People, reduced in number (1 to 280,000) only for legislative practicability.



JOE MARTIN WITH HIS STAFF IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE NORTH ATTLEBORO, MASS., "EVENING CHRONICLE." HE HAS BEEN THIS DAILY'S EDITOR AND PUBLISHER SINCE 1908

& THE PEOPLE

PRESIDENCY, CLARIFIES A FUNDAMENTAL ISSUE OF 1940

by HUBERT KAY

If easy cynics would dismiss them as a bunch of politicians, believers in the American system of government can only point out that if America's reasonably industrious, honest and representative politicians had not always vastly outnumbered its crooks, loafers, hypocrites and hirelings, the American people would long since have junked that system and devised another.

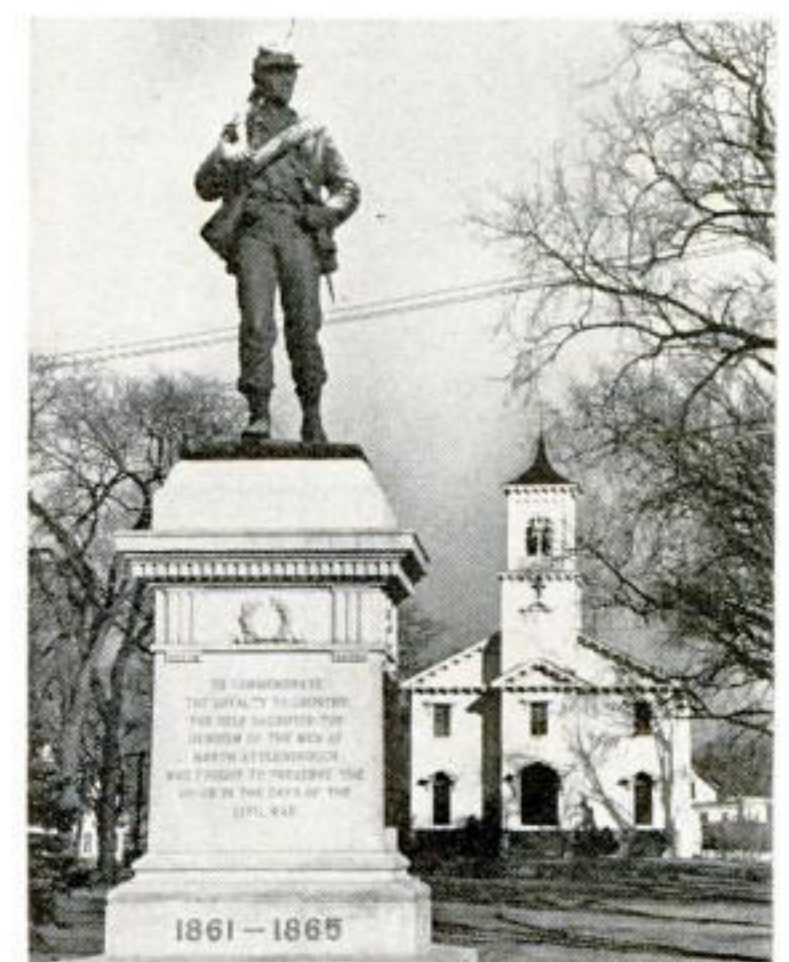
As what they are meant to be, Congressmen are no better and no worse, no wiser and no dumber, no stronger and no weaker than the people they represent. They bring to Washington a multitude of individual and sectional prides and prejudices, a full quota of partisanship, pettiness, selfishness, stubbornness, greed. It is one thing to believe ardently in the glorious idea of democracy. It is quite another to be willing to put up with the processes of democratic government, which, based as they are on compromise of many conflicting wills and viewpoints, are often exasperatingly slow, clumsy and inefficient. Such willingness requires not only an abiding belief that it is better for the people to make their own wrong decisions than to have a boss make the right ones for them, but also infinite patience and a genuine respect for the opinions of other and perhaps lesser men. In a leader it means being willing really to lead and not to boss. Concretely, it means having the temperament and ability to lead men as Joe Martin leads the Republicans of the House.

Elected to Congress in 1924, after six terms in the Massachusetts legislature, Joe Martin was only a rear-row private in the ranks of the army of smug Republican elders who marched invincibly through the 1920's. Then, just as he was getting out of his Congressional teens, came Depression. In 1930 he saw his Party lose control of the House. Two years later, as the country sank deeper in Depression, he saw the Republicans lose the Pres-

idency and the Senate, too. He heard a confused and frightened people hail the new Democratic President as the nation's savior. He saw Congress, sharing the people's mood, gladly surrender its legislative powers and duties to the Executive. From White House to Capitol Hill came a steady succession of complex, deep-changing bills written by closet advisers and labeled "Must." The Republican press shouted "rubber stamp" at Congress and "coattail riders" at subservient Democrats, but it was no use. The people wanted action, and they were getting it.

Joe Martin made himself useful to the then Minority Leader, bumbling Bert Snell, got to be a sort of unofficial assistant floor leader, did what he could to rally his colleagues into some sort of effective opposition. But that was no use, either. He saw more of his Republican colleagues in the House mowed down in the 1934 elections and, after the massacre of 1936, saw them dwindle to a corporal's guard of 89, too puny, demoralized and discredited to do anything but gloom and nag about "dictatorship," "extravagance," "bankruptcy" and "the American way of life."

Then things began to happen. First came the Supreme Court-packing bill of 1937. In the autumn came Recession. Soon nearly as many people were out of work as had been jobless on March 4, 1933. Politics-in-Relief made headlines. The "Purge" of the 1938 primaries split Democrats wider than



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Joe Martin's Congressional district is in the southeastern corner of Massachusetts. North Attleboro (pop. 10,202) is twelve miles north of Providence. Governed by town meeting, it will pay off the last of its indebtedness this year. Jewelry manufacturing is its chief business and Joe Martin, a booster, likes to load his visitors with North Attleboro-made trinkets.



North Attleboro's "Main Street," which Joe Martin is here seen crossing in the company of his good friend, Police Chief Joseph McKeown, is named Washington Street because George Washington passed down it on his way to take command of the Continental Army. Below: mutual favorites are Bachelor Martin and his 5-year-old grandniece, Virginia ("Ginger") Kelley.



JOE MARTIN & THE PEOPLE (continued)

ever. Even people who did not pretend to understand the intricacies of finance—which included almost everybody—began to feel vaguely uneasy about the soaring national debt.

One foreign and one basic domestic influence worked deeper than anything else, perhaps, to turn U. S. political winds. The first was the hated example of one-party governments abroad. The second was the historic tendency of the American people to swing back to their normal calm conservatism after they have had a bellyful of jitters and reform. In 1938 the voters elected 80 new Republican Representatives, eight new Republican Senators and twelve new Republican Governors.

As chairman of the Republican Congressional campaign committee, Joe Martin had done much to encourage the swing of public opinion toward his Party. Shrewdly and tirelessly he combed the field for able new candidates, concentrated his funds and fire in districts where the Republican had at least a fighting chance to win, swung around the country and chatted with candidates by long-distance telephone about the problems of their campaigns.

He makes a record

When Congress convened last January, Joe Martin, now ripe in Congressional experience, was promptly chosen leader of the now sizable Republican minority of 169. The job of a minority leader in Congress is to direct the Party group's machinery of committees and conferences, to decide the group's floor strategy including such details as when and by whom a speech or motion shall be made, to unify the group in shaping and agreeing on coherent Party policies and then to inspire it to the enthusiasm and hard work and team spirit needed to put those policies over. Other leaders of the Outs can only talk and promise. The minority leader makes the concrete record of action on which the Party appeals for return to national power. The way in which Joe Martin proceeded to perform this job made the biggest U. S. political news of 1939.

Crying a pox on carping generalities, Leader Martin appointed committees of Republican Congressmen to go out and consult the books, the experts and the country, bring back fact-filled reports on such major issues as national debt, extraordinary powers of the President, national defense, agriculture. From these the Party conference decided its stand and Party spokesmen drew their arguments. Result: when Republican debaters got up on the floor last year, they knew all of the questions and most of the answers.

As a field marshal, Leader Martin never let himself be trapped into blunders through ignorance or carelessness. At any point in a bill's progress, he knew, through a member of each State delegation whose business it was to find out, just about how sentiment stood for it on both sides. When the Housing bill was about to come up, he warned Majority Leader Sam Rayburn not to bring it to the floor, saying it was sure to be defeated. Democrat Rayburn thought otherwise. The bill was beaten by almost exactly the vote Joe Martin predicted. The Party whip, Harry Englebright of California, saw to it that Republican members were always on hand when needed. Though far outnumbered in total membership, Republicans often outnumbered Democrats on the floor. Once, as a vote drew near, Speaker Bankhead looked out at row on row of alert Republicans, saw Democratic benches near-empty, cried in despair: "We can't vote! We haven't got the Democrats on the floor!"

When Republicans lacked votes to win, Leader Martin did not hesitate to drop partisanship, line his team up in a working partnership with like-



"Get a hat!" joshed onlookers when Joe Martin, shown at right on Capitol steps with other leaders of Congress, turned up in a derby at the reception for Great Britain's King and Queen.

mindful Democrats. The chairman of one of the Republican study committees had worked closely with the young Democrat, Albert Gore of Tennessee, who gave the finishing stroke to the \$800,000,000 Housing bill by exposing it as not the self-liquidating loan measure which it was purported to be, but an outright subsidy which in the end would cost taxpayers 30 times its face amount.

Senate Minority Leader McNary followed the same coalition strategy on his side of the Capitol. The result was to give the New Deal, for the first time in its career, that indispensable checkrein of democratic government: a vigorous, intelligent, effective Opposition.

That is something far different from negative obstructionism. The Republicans, heartily supported Administration defense measures. The coalition supported amendments—belatedly endorsed by the Administration—which cut Social Security taxes, hastened and broadened benefits, put the whole structure on a pay-as-you-go basis. It put over, against strenuous New Deal opposition, the Hatch bill to take politics out of Relief. It repealed all but a stump of the undistributed profits tax. It stopped the \$3,800,000,000 Spend-Lend bill.

How to be a leader

"What we were seeking," explained Leader Martin in a post-session radio speech, "was not Utopia but a sane revival of old-fashioned Americanism. We were seeking to rededicate ourselves to fundamentals." In the way of fundamentals, Congress itself went a long way toward self-reliant recapture of "all legislative powers herein granted." And no one or all of Joe Martin's victories on the floor matched in significance the kind of leadership with which he won them.

Joe Martin does not drive. He leads. He never says "Go." He says, "Let's go." He is not a boss, but the captain of a team. Every Republican Congressman, even the greenest freshman, is encouraged to air his views in the Party councils, take on a share of the team job. No one of them is ever told how he must vote on any bill. If any man's convictions or district interests stand vitally in the way of his going along with the Party—if, for example, New York's Bruce Barton wants to vote for continuance of the WPA Theatre Project because his district is full of unemployed actors—no Party discipline is threatened. If the vote is going to be close, Leader Martin may try to persuade. But he will not command. What he wins in return is gratitude, loyalty, a rousing team-spirit and willingness to compromise individual viewpoints whenever possible. "They give me the borderline decisions," says Joe.

Characteristically, when the subject of his method of leadership is raised, Joe Martin does not go into a discourse on democracy. His few detractors say he had a cinch with a crowd of docile new Congressmen, but his friends believe he works the way he does because he is that kind of man, and because he knows that is the best way to get the best out of human beings. "The boys like it," he says. "It gives them a feeling of pride and responsibility. They get enthusiastic."

When discussing President Roosevelt's relations with Congress, Joe Martin does not prate about dictatorship. He is too honest and realistic to pretend to any partisan belief that the President wants to make himself a dictator. But he does recognize Franklin Roosevelt's temperament as a brilliant, self-willed, impetuous Great Man. Recalling his experience last fall when the President called the leaders of Congress in to counsel with him on foreign policy, Joe Martin just says dryly: "It's no fun to work with him. He don't ask you, he tells you."

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Joe Martin owns a topper, but magnanimously loaned it to Majority Leader Sam Rayburn for the royal reception. Above: at the Gridiron Dinner, Dec. 9, with his friend, Alf Landon.



Joe Martin's home in North Attleboro is a ten-room white frame house on Grove Street. With him live his mother, a widowed sister, a widower brother, and his mongrel dog, Prince (above). The front parlor has brownish walls, contains overstuffed furniture in brown velours and an upright piano on which stand three large elephants presented to Joe by admiring Republicans.



Joe Martin's newspaper office is in a small brick building on Church Street opposite the Universalist Church and next to the Odd Fellows Building. Joe belongs to Elks, Moose and Grange. Below: his younger brother Charlie has run the *Chronicle* for him since he went to Congress. Joe, eldest of six brothers, sent his two youngest brothers through Dartmouth.



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A crack shortstop, Joe Martin (extreme right) was a star of the North Attleboro High School team in 1899-1902. Later he played semi-pro ball on town and factory teams.

JOE MARTIN & THE PEOPLE (continued)

Republicans, vastly revived in spirit, came out of the session with a new reputation for something besides impotent wailing and nagging. Joe Martin emerged as the outstanding new national figure of the year. No spotlight-grabber and, as a Washington columnist lately observed, "not much of a windbag," he is still not as well known to the public as he will be. But he is enormously liked and respected in Washington. He plays the rough & tumble game of politics hard, but nobody has ever accused him of playing it unfairly or dishonestly, and he is known as the man without a single Congressional enemy. When he got up on the floor of the House one day last July to make his first speech of the session—an undramatic request that some of the Government's surplus cotton be stored in New England warehouses—he was greeted at the end by some of the longest & loudest applause of the year—from both sides of the House. (He got the cotton.) When LIFE polled 53 leading Washington correspondents last March, asking them to grade Senators and Representatives on the basis of industry, integrity, intelligence and influence, they rated Joe Martin the ablest Representative of them all, giving him an average mark higher than they gave their choice for No. 1 Senator, Nebraska's Norris.

Campaigning and consulting with other Congressmen has given Joe Martin a wide familiarity with the nation's problems, district by district. He carries in his head one of the best mental U. S. maps in Washington. His Congressional study committees indicate a genuine respect for facts and expert opinion, a willingness to seek new answers to old problems. Withal, Joe Martin is no adventurer in the realms of thought. A leaden, unwilling writer, he buys "canned" editorials for his paper from a Philadelphia feature service. His political views—on the need for business encouragement, economy, keeping out of war—are those of most middle-of-the-road Republicans. His weight in Party councils is as a veteran observer of politics and public opinion, able to advise sagely on what will work and what the people want, to compromise other men's conflicting views and to test them against the solid convictions of his Yankee wisdom.

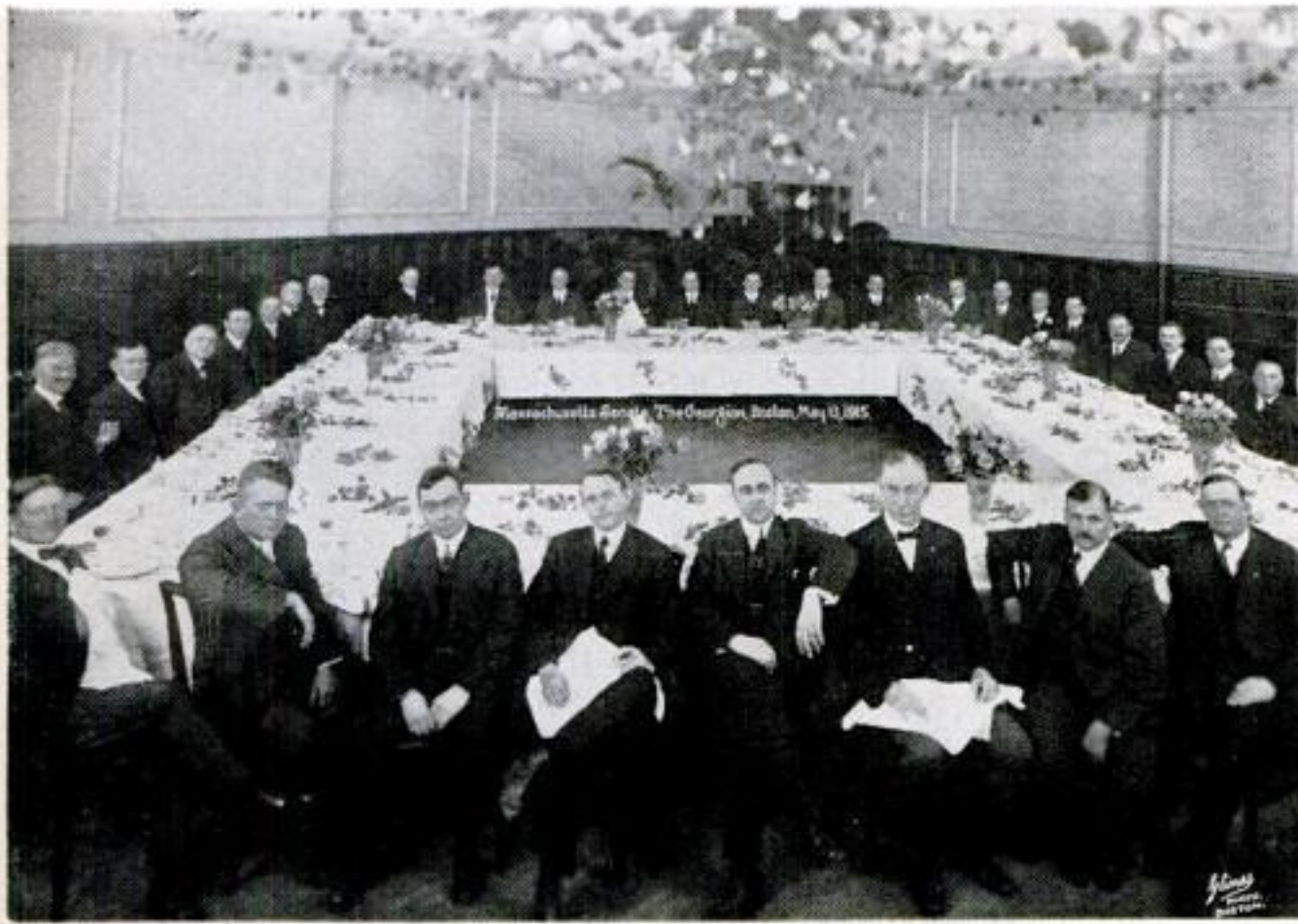
Never in debt in his life, it took Joe Martin five years to save the first \$1,000 with which he bought into the North Attleboro Evening *Chronicle*. If he had failed to make a go of the paper, he might have turned into a radical. But he boosted the *Chronicle's* circulation from 800 to 2,800, has made it pay regular 10% dividends. He believes wholeheartedly in the system which gave him his chance. He thinks the country's greatest need is a Government which businessmen can be sure also believes wholeheartedly in that system.

Pictures of a life

In the pictures which accompany this article you see Joe Martin as he is today, and in two group poses from his past. If LIFE could have had a photographer on hand at all the high moments of his life, these are the pictures it would print.

Scene: a workman's cottage on Smith Street in the village of North Attleboro, Time: 1890. A stocky, short-legged little boy is bringing in wood for the kitchen stove, where his hard-working mother does the family cooking. Joe Martin's father was only a \$15-a-week hired hand, a "driver" (shoer of horses), in the village smithy. Joe was the second child and eldest boy of his eight children.

Scene: a jewelry factory in North Attleboro. Time: 1895. Joe Martin and



In the Massachusetts Senate, Joe Martin (third from the left in the front row) served under the leadership of Calvin Coolidge, who may be seen at the far left corner of the table.

his chubby younger brother Charlie walk down the aisles of the factory quietly laying a copy of the North Attleboro Leader on each worker's bench. Joe's first business stroke was to get local manufacturers to let him sell papers inside their factories, collecting for them at the end of each week. Sometimes the brothers sold as many as 800 papers a day.

Scene: the yard of the Attleboro Falls grammar school. Time: 1897. Joe Martin stands panting, with clenched fists, over the licked form of the school bully, who had tried to make him chew tobacco. "Until then," says Joe, "I never knew I was a fighter."

Scene: a baseball field during the big game between North Attleboro and Pawtucket, R. I., high schools. Time: a spring afternoon in 1899. The crowd roars as Freshman Joe Martin, sent in as substitute right fielder, makes his fifth hit in five times at bat. From that day Joe was a star and regular. Sturdy, quick, hard-playing, he also made the football, hockey and track teams, was baseball captain in his senior year. Offered a scholarship at Dartmouth, he decided to work a year first, got a job as a \$10-a-week reporter on the Attleboro Sun. Once started working, he never went back to school.

He goes into editing and politics

Scene: the office of the North Attleboro Chronicle. Time: a day in 1908. Joe Martin, aged 24, having chipped in with friends to buy the paper, sits down at his desk for the first time as editor & publisher. As the paper prospered and his partners moved away or retired, Joe bought their shares and became majority stockholder.

Scene: the office of the president of the Massachusetts Senate in the State House in Boston. Time: a day in 1915. The sharp-featured, poker-faced Republican president has summoned Joe Martin, a new Republican Senator, to discuss a pending bill aimed to weaken the position of workers under workmen's compensation laws. "Could you vote for this bill for me?" he asks. "I could, Mr. President," says Joe Martin to Calvin Coolidge, "but I won't."

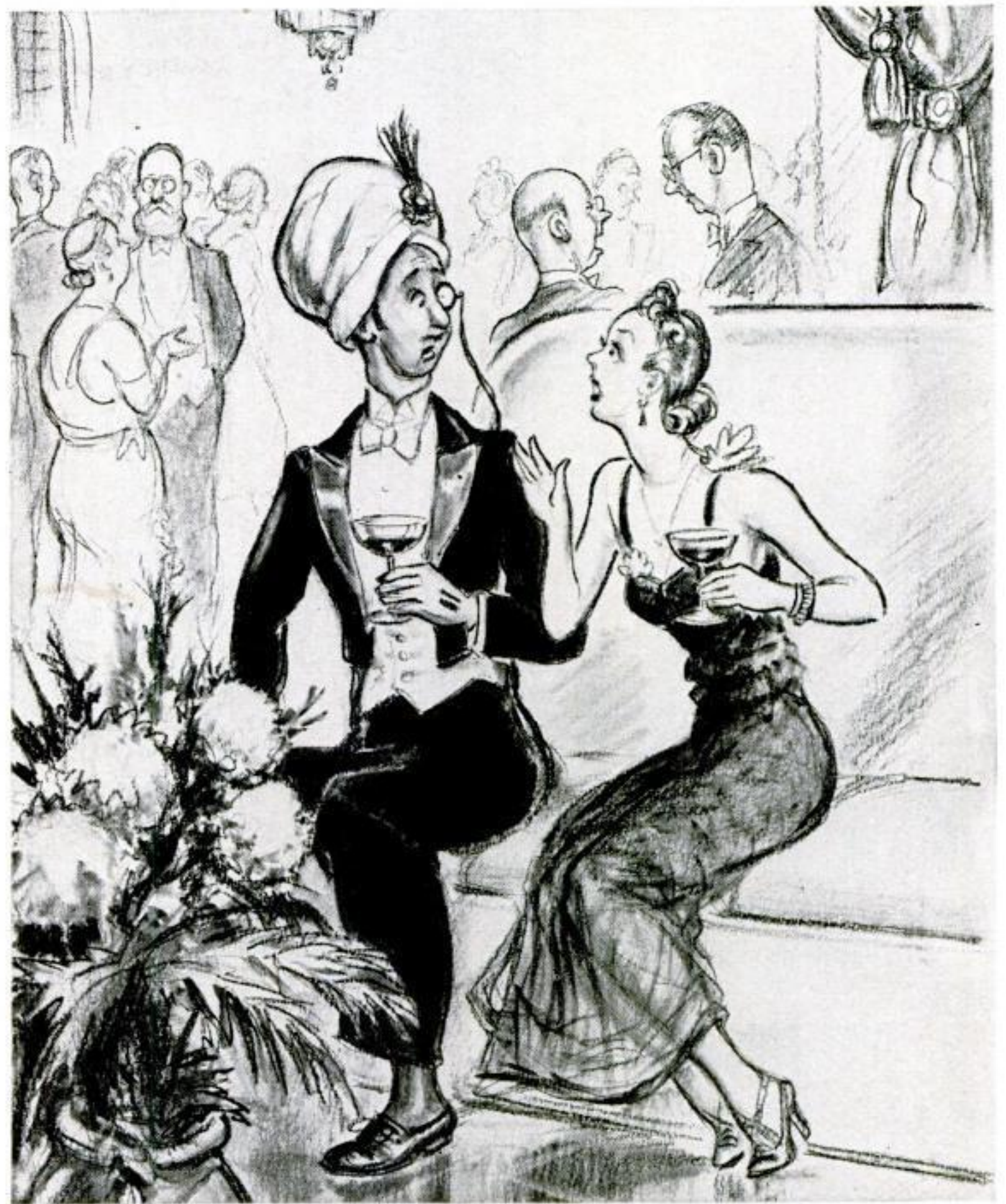
Starting in politics as manager of a friend's campaign for the legislature, Joe ran for it himself in 1911, went to the House at 27, moved up to the Senate for three terms, then went back to his newspaper. He was desperately ill of influenza during the War, enlisted when he recovered but was too late to get into uniform.

Scene: the office of the President of the U. S. Time: December 1939. Minority Leader Martin has dropped in to pay his respects and discuss the coming session of Congress. "Joe," says the President, "Don't you think we ought to have a short session?"

"No, Mr. President, I don't," says Joe Martin to Franklin Roosevelt. "Why not?"

"I want action," says Joe Martin. Both men laugh.

Back in North Attleboro, his proud homefolks say that all his recognition and influence have not changed Joe a bit. Between sessions of Congress, he drops in every day at his newspaper office to chew the rag with cronies and callers. Almost every afternoon he goes out in his Lincoln Zephyr sedan to ride around his district—one of the most diversified industrial areas in the nation—and find out what his constituents are thinking about. He still takes time for 1,001 such Congressional chores as finding a temporary job in the State Auditor's office for a man who had been out of work for three years (Joe figured it would give him about \$100 for Christmas), helping a widow get back her husband's last WPA paycheck which she had had to return because it arrived after he died. Joe Martin has had no patronage to distribute for eight years, but when election



"That's the way my head will feel tomorrow, Prince!"

You can "head" it off, dear lady—



New Year's Eve with fun and laughter
Needn't mean a morning-after!

Bromo-Seltzer
before bed
May help prevent
that morning head!



● New Year's Eve is a grand time to celebrate, but smart people have their fun and don't wish to spend New Year's Day regretting it! They take Bromo-Seltzer!* It helps a headache fast—calms jittery nerves, settles an upset stomach, too. And—Bromo-Seltzer before bedtime may help prevent morning-after!

For over 50 years, millions have relied on Bromo-Seltzer for headache relief. Buy it at drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home always.

*For frequent or persistent headache, see your doctor. For ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer according to directions on the label.

For a happier New Year

**BROMO-
SALTZER**

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



MIAMI

TROPIC METROPOLIS



LIFE IS LIKE ~~THIS~~!
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Life in Miami this year is better than ever—more headlines, more things happening, more people here and, best of all, more accommodations added at better than a \$1,000,000-a-month building rate. So that right here in Miami, right in the metropolitan heart of everything that's going on, there's plenty of room and continued reasonable rates.

Last year over a million visitors proved that Miami is no longer for the wealthy alone—that Miami's world famous sunshine and all that goes with it are within reach of ANY reasonable vacation budget.

All it takes is a little planning, and Miami's new official booklet answers all questions on costs, programs, accommodations, everything. The coupon will bring your copy—mail it NOW!

MIAMI CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Miami, Florida

[10]

Name _____

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State _____



JOE MARTIN & THE PEOPLE (continued)

time comes he always runs well ahead of his ticket, with many a Democratic vote. "There is no particular secret about Joe's hold on this district," says his friend Frank Kelley. "People just like him and trust him."

Joe Martin tells with relish about his last campaign, in 1938, when the New Deal tried to "purge" him. "They sent an extra \$50,000 of Relief money into my district," he says, "and they got the WPA workers to join a club and wear buttons and sign pledges to vote for the Democratic candidate, who was State employment director of WPA. Well, I'd go to speak at a meeting where there were a lot of those fellows and I'd look at their buttons and say: 'To think that they would do that to you here in America, that they would brand you like cattle.' Then I'd see them begin to look mad and start taking off their buttons."

At 55, Joe Martin is watching his weight, but is still black-haired, bright-eyed, quick-moving. A bachelor, he lives at North Attleboro with his invalid mother, widowed sister and a brother; at Washington in a two-room apartment in the small, quiet Hay-Adams House. He also has a cottage on Cape Cod. In 1918 he bought an insurance agency in North Attleboro, but he never solicits business and uses his office mainly as a place to get more privacy than the crowded *Chronicle* newsroom affords. For reading, he keeps up with the news in the papers and newsmagazines. Last fortnight he had just finished a three-month stretch at William Allen White's biography of Coolidge, *A Puritan in Babylon*, and was squaring off to tackle the best-selling *Days of Our Years*, which someone had just given him. Politics, involving endless meetings and talk with friends, constituents, colleagues and reporters, is almost his whole life. Son of a Scotch-Presbyterian father and an Irish-Catholic mother, he has never been a churchgoer. He neither smokes nor drinks. His indifference to both sex and poker appeared in a remark he dropped recently about a fellow Republican: "He plays his cards close to the breast," said Joe. His only real passions, outside his work, are for baseball and walking in the rain.

Joe Martin and 1940

Joe Martin, whose favorite word is "confidence," faces the future with plenty of it. He thinks that, barring some turn of war or fortune, the coming session of Congress will be relatively short and quiet, mainly because the New Deal will not want to risk any major defeats in an election year. He thinks there is an excellent chance that the people will elect a Republican President in November. He is sure they will elect a Republican House. Republicans need to win only 49 new seats, and there were more than that in 1938 which they lost by only 5% or 6% of the vote. "Even if Roosevelt runs," says Joe Martin, "I think a good many of the people who vote for him will want to take out a little insurance by voting for a Republican Congressman."

If enough of them do, Joe Martin, the blacksmith's son, is practically a sure bet for what has been and can be again the No. 2 post of power and influence in the U. S. Government: the Speakership of the House. Some of his friends, chiefly admiring Congressmen, are quietly boosting him for the No. 1 job. There is considerable wise talk in Republican circles that if the leading Presidential candidates should deadlock at the convention this summer, Joe Martin may indeed be the choice.

That prospect startles some of Joe Martin's warmest friends, because he is plainly not a Great Man. Put him up on a pedestal and he inspires no awe. Measured by a Wilson or Hoover in intellectual depth, by a Franklin Roosevelt in intellectual flexibility, or be either Roosevelt in personal magnetism, he looks small. True, compared with a Harding in strength of character or with a Coolidge in vigor and human warmth, he towers. But the real point about Joe Martin is that a pedestal is clearly the wrong setting for him. He belongs in the center of a group picture. There he stands up in his full stature. Seen thus, he presents with complete clarity the issue of government of and by, as well as for, The People—as opposed to the dominance, however benevolent, of a Great Man. In America that issue is *not* now, though it might become so in time, one of democracy vs. dictatorship. Nor does it mean a choice between able and mediocre leaders. It is rather a matter of leaders' temperament and government tempo, an issue of slow progress by debate and compromise as contrasted with swift reform by executive decree. Whether Joe Martin is a candidate for President or for Speaker, the American people will have a chance to vote on that issue this year. That is Joe Martin's significance for America in 1940.

LIFE'S PICTURES



When Walt Sanders arrived in Atlanta to photograph still-raiding activities of the Alcohol Tax Unit (see pp. 22-24), he was warned the Government would not be responsible for his life. Agents told him the country over which he would fly was rough, marshy and wooded, devoid of emergency landing fields, and that there was no use encumbering himself with a parachute as the plane flew so low no parachute could open in time to save him. With this cheery prelude, he went out with the "revenooers" every day for a week and enjoyed himself both in the air and in the woods. He rose daily before dawn, got plenty of exercise crawling through brush and wading through marshy creeks. When agents dynamited a still, the spraying mash saturated his clothes and bathed him in such an alcoholic aroma one officer threatened him with arrest, saying: "That's enough evidence to convict you."

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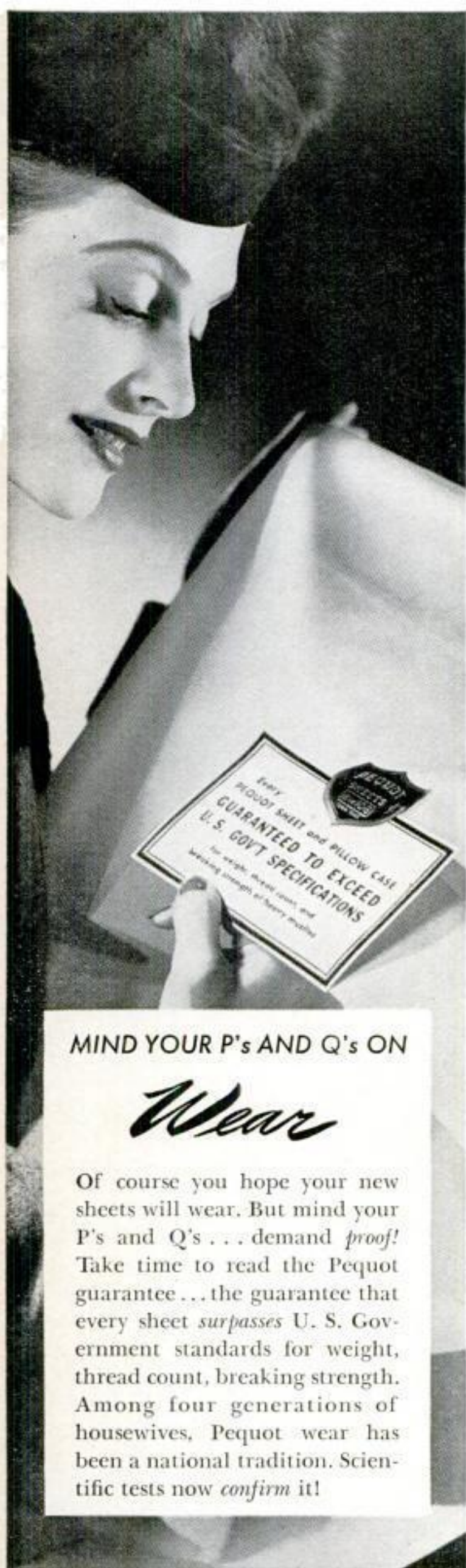
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Get **PEQUOT**

THE SHEETS YOU CAN DEPEND ON!



MIND YOUR P's AND Q's ON

Wear

Of course you hope your new sheets will wear. But mind your P's and Q's... demand *proof*! Take time to read the Pequot guarantee... the guarantee that every sheet *surpasses* U. S. Government standards for weight, thread count, breaking strength. Among four generations of housewives, Pequot wear has been a national tradition. Scientific tests now *confirm* it!



MIND YOUR P's AND Q's ON

Luxury

Your eyes will be attracted instantly by the rich, linen-like appearance of Pequots. But let your fingers, too, sense the woven-in firmness and smoothness of Pequots. *This is no mere surface luxury.* It is the soft strength for which Pequots are famous. Because of it, Pequots spread smoothly—do not wrinkle easily—look immaculately trim. This is real, lasting luxury.



MIND YOUR P's AND Q's ON

Convenience

Housekeeping is made up of a multitude of details... see how Pequot saves extra motions! Note the tabs that tell the size... note that they *project*. These handy little "sheet finders" tell you which sheets you want, without fumbling. Also, Pequots have an exclusive *double* tape selvage which adds extra wear. Thus Pequot, old in fame, keeps in step with your modern life.



MIND YOUR P's AND Q's ON

Value

During the White Sales, Pequots—always moderate in cost—are at special low prices. But it takes more than price to make a bargain! Appreciation of your Pequot purchase will grow as the years pass. Next time you need sheets, you'll want Pequots *again*! It's because they are *genuine* bargains that Pequots have become by far the most popular sheets in America.

The Best Buy at the White Sales... is

PEQUOT

SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES





Elsa Maxwell sits like a matron saint of carnivals among festoons of balloons, discussing aesthetic moods with Nita Noble Jonnard, party decorator. Between them they turned the Hotel Baker's staid ballroom into a gay cabaret, hung with globes of light.



Camilla Davis, guest of honor, poses beside a mirror in the hotel's Crystal Ballroom. At the right you see her reflection in profile. Here she is wearing her paper carnival costume. Around her neck is a 16th Century Spanish necklace of diamonds and pearls, a gift from her mother.



Talking shop with party-wise Elsa Maxwell, Camilla Davis momentarily abandons her escort. She is shown here early in the evening before donning her masquerade costume. Her gown is an original Paquin model of white Duchess satin. Atop her head: an orchid.





Life goes to a Dallas Debut

staged by Elsa Maxwell to honor Camilla Davis

In 1855 General Philip Sheridan declared: "If I owned Texas and Hell, I would rent out Texas and live in Hell." Things are different now. Texas is overrun with pretty girls. One of the prettiest is Camilla Davis of Dallas. On Dec. 8, Miss Davis made her debut at a party, which for grace, gaiety and sophistication rivaled anything General Sheridan's home State of New York ever produced.

The Davises are genuine Texas aristocrats. Camilla's ancestors fought Santa Anna and helped win Texan independence. Her father is a banker, a Yale man ('97), one of Dallas' wealthiest citizens. Her mother (Wellesley '05) is an energetic clubwoman. Like her mother, Camilla went to Wellesley, where she won Phi Beta Kappa, rowed on the crew, was voted best dancer in her class. She is fourth in her family line to meet Dallas society at a formal debut.

To fete his popular daughter as she deserved, Mr. Davis imported Elsa Maxwell, famed for lily-gilding here and abroad. For Camilla, Impresario Maxwell conceived the idea of an inverted masquerade—where guests would come unmasked, don costumes and masks in mid-party. This novel concept, plus Texan buoyancy of spirits, made Miss Davis' Dallas Debut a triumph in society of the South.

Height of the dance was reached after 2 o'clock when a wardrobe of carnival costumes was rolled in, faces vanished under masks, and formally attired guests became cowboys, nuns, pierrots, other Maxwellian fancies. Music was by Leo Dryer's orchestra. Note illuminated balloons.



Quick-change act was performed by guests at 2 a.m. At start, guests wore formal dress (above). Below: same group in masquerade costumes. Note balloon motif on programs.



Miss Doris Padgitt dances with a friend during masquerade. Costume change gave guests second wind. The party grew livelier, formal dances gave way to Conga and Oomps-a-Daisy.



Miss Agnes Schoellkopf, another debutante of Dallas' current social season, is swept from her feet in a cloud of astronomical crepe by Edwin Nesbitt, an enthusiastic friend.



After the ball Camilla returns to look for her misplaced fan. Still fresh at 5 a.m. after six continuous hours of dancing,

handshaking, smiling, she is last to leave ballroom. Note bright tablecloths, champagne bucket to match. Menu in-

cluded lobster, filet mignon, chicken princesse, griddle cakes cooked by two big mammies, milk from portable wagon.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

HALF-SHIP

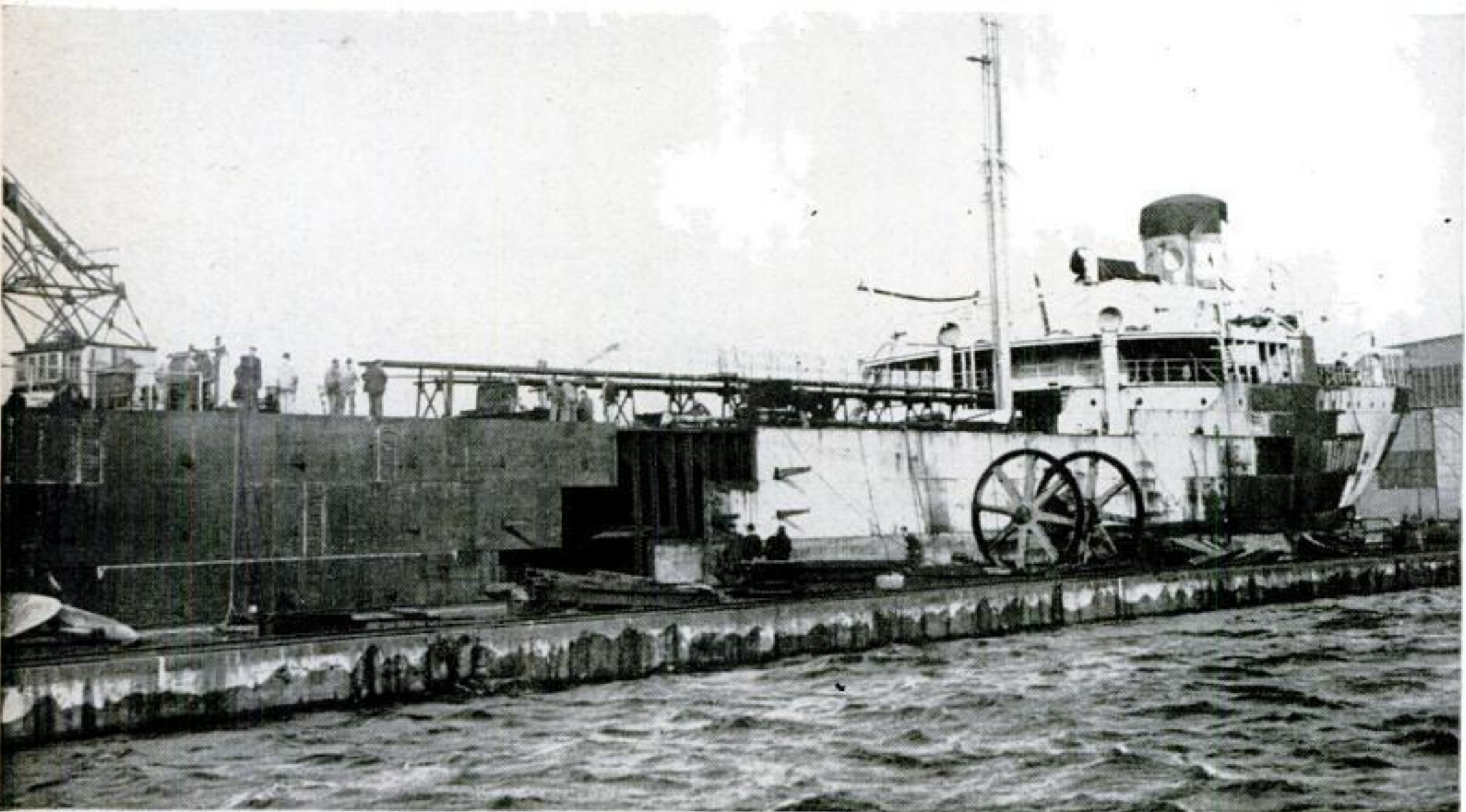
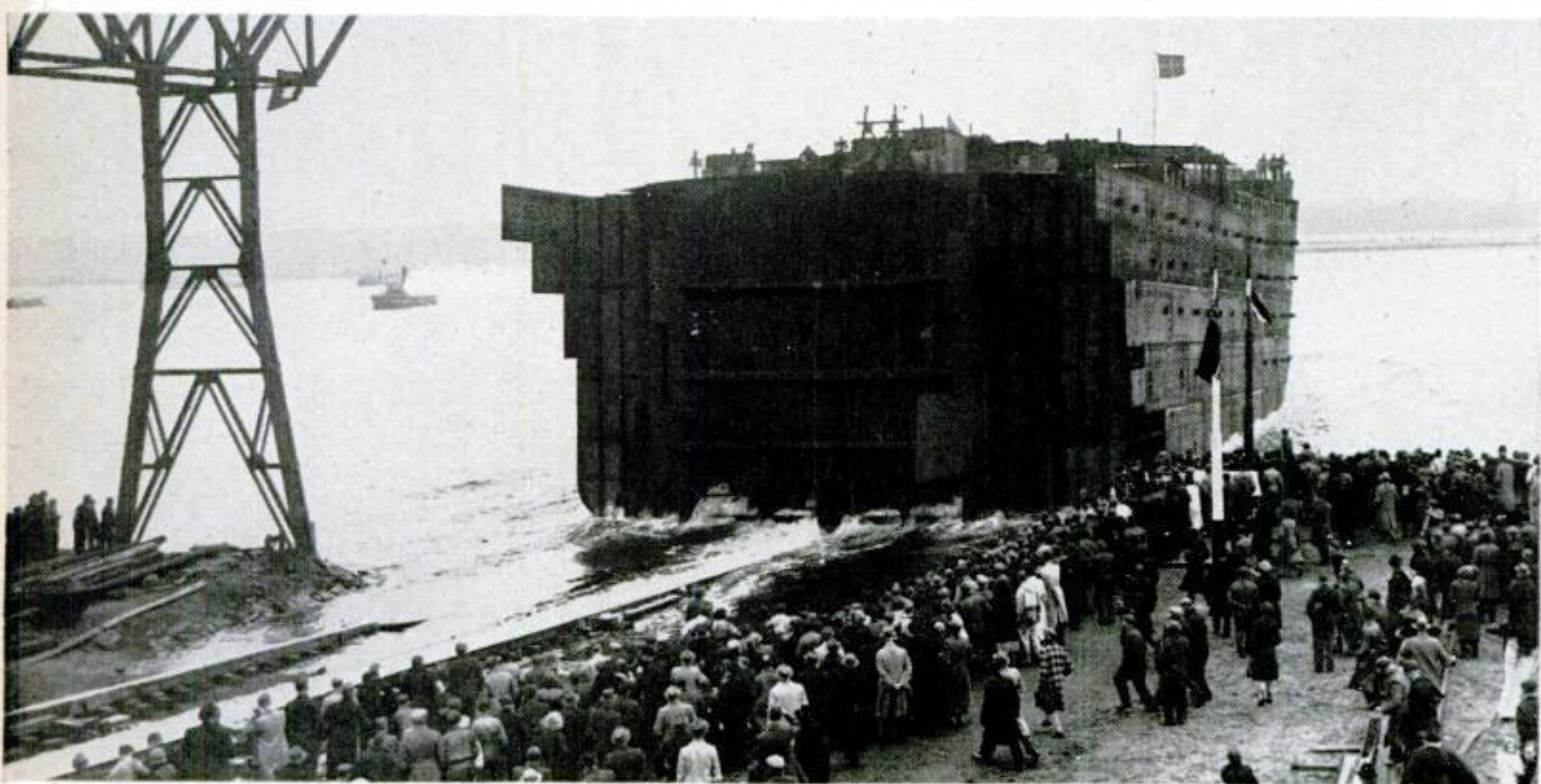
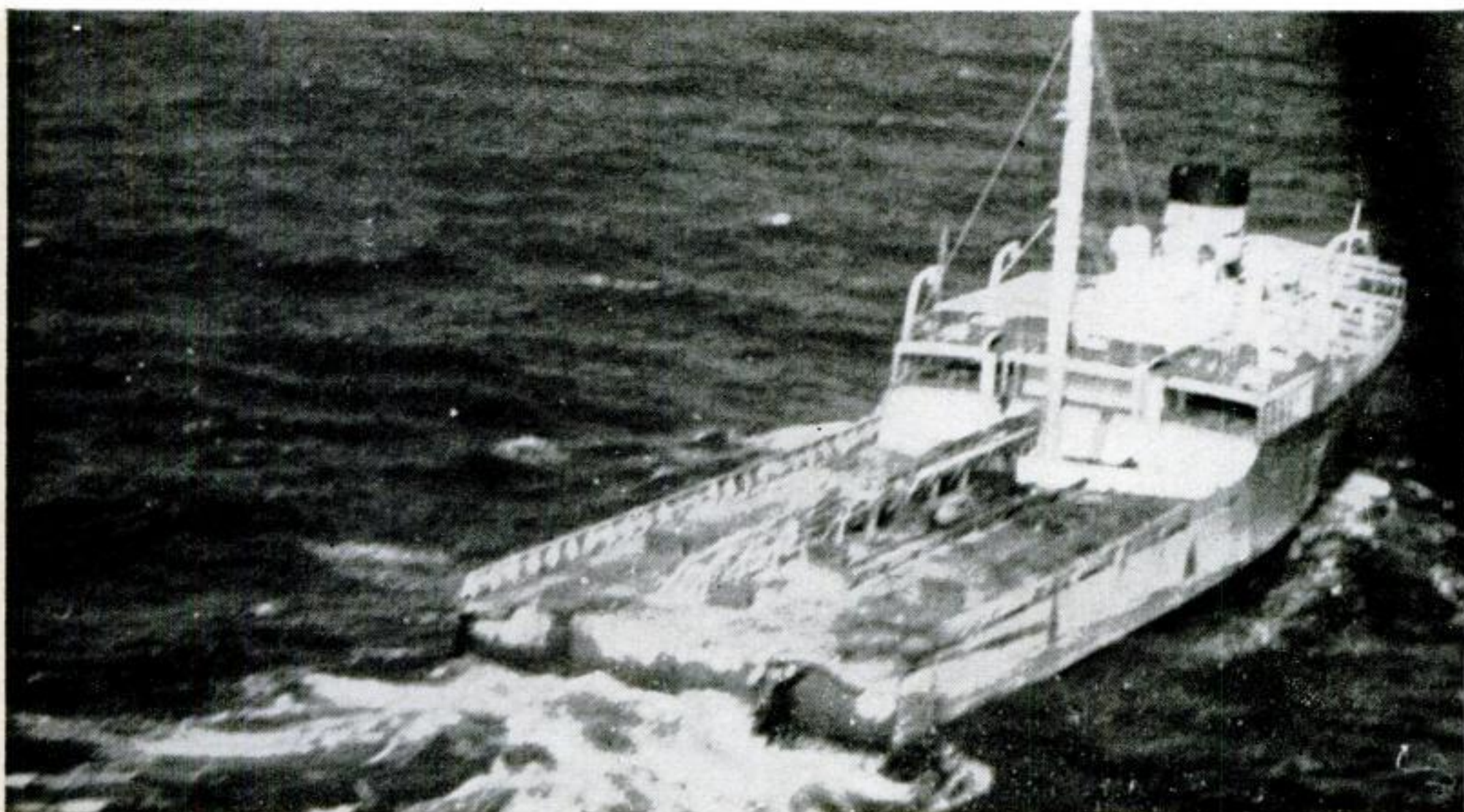
Sirs:

Battling a heavy storm in mid-Atlantic last January, the Norwegian tanker *Jaguar* broke in two. The fore part sank but the stern was somehow kept afloat. The first picture, taken last March, shows the stern being towed on its way to Rotterdam. The

second picture shows the launching recently of a new fore part which had been built in Amsterdam. This new half was floated on to Rotterdam where it and the original half were fitted together like parts of some odd maritime jigsaw puzzle, as shown in the third picture.

JOHN KINGSLEY

New York, N.Y.



When YOU
Have a
HEADACHE

Put
Yourself
in this
Picture

TRY A
SPARKLING
GLASS OF

Alka-Seltzer

CONVINCE yourself how quickly its analgesic action, aided by alkaline buffers, relieves the discomfort and makes you feel better.

Pain and misery seem to be eased away with its pleasant, speedy action.

Try it *Yourself!* Your druggist has Alka-Seltzer. Enjoy a glass at the fountain or ask for the convenient, 30-cent or economical 60-cent packages.



Ask Your Druggist
for Alka-Seltzer

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USE **PEDIMOLL**

THOUSANDS RELY UPON IT! Amazing VANISHING CREME—NON GREASY—NO STAIN. QUICKLY RELIEVES TIRED, ACHING, BURNING, SWOLLEN FEET; CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, Athlete's Foot. TRY IT—YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED—IF NOT—MONEY REFUNDED. SEND \$1 Today. Postage Prepaid. HOSPITAL & PROFESSIONAL SIZES \$6 & \$12.

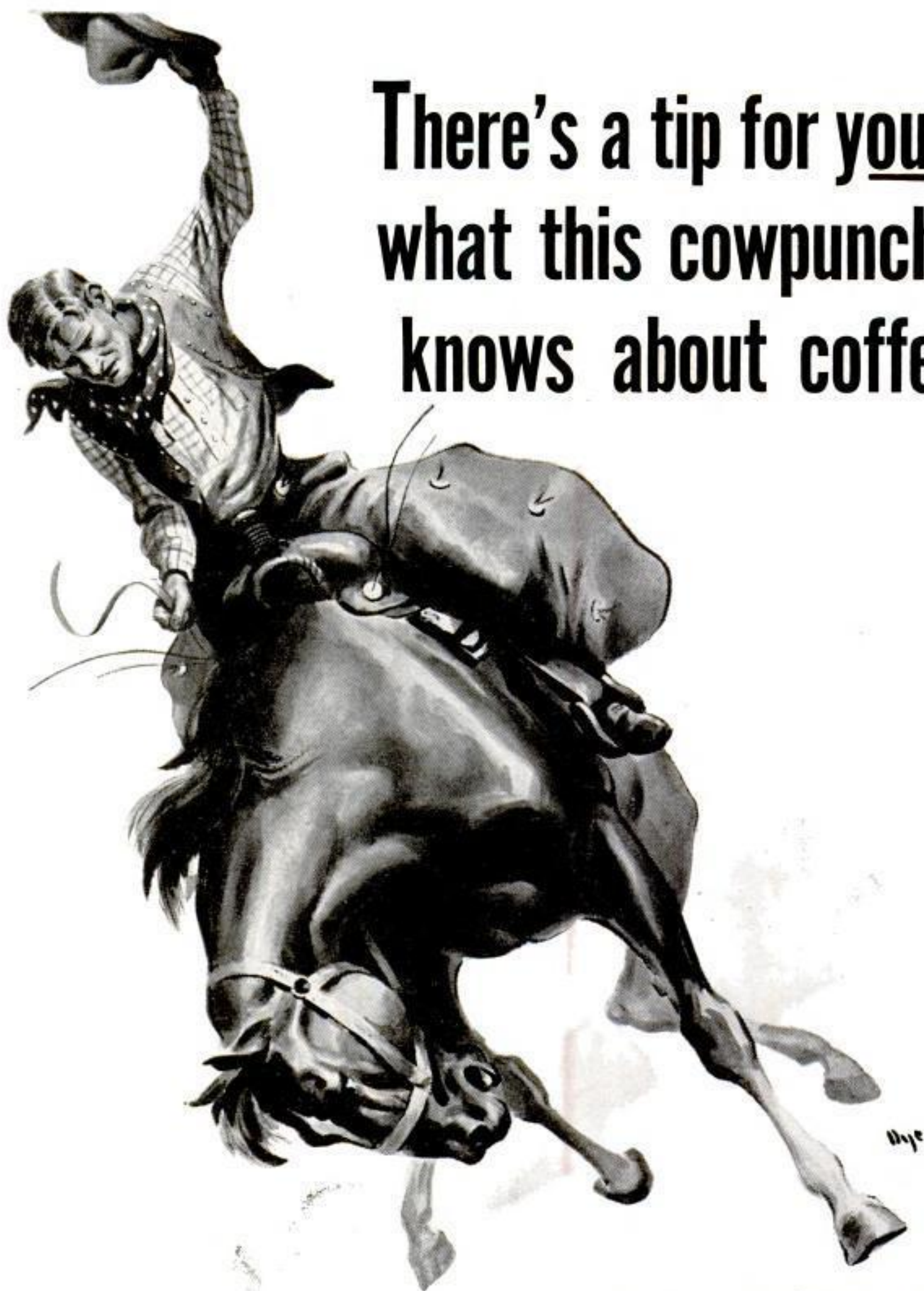
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For your convenience . . . this mark of identity in a store quickly calls attention to LIFE-advertised products.

**You Who Have
PIMPLY SKIN**
externally caused—can quickly allay the itchy irritation and thus hasten nature's healing, with active, time-tested
RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP



There's a tip for you in what this cowpuncher knows about coffee

IT takes a lot out of a man to ride the range all day. So the cowpuncher likes his coffee—and plenty of it.

What that coffee does is take the sag out of tired muscles. It actually banishes fatigue. More, it makes the mind and muscles more alert, if there's more hard riding ahead.

But can a cowpuncher sleep? You ought

to see him hit the bedroll! For the fact is, the lift he gets out of coffee—or the lift it gives you—lasts only two hours, if you're like 97 people out of 100.*

That means you can enjoy coffee in the evening and enjoy sleep too. Try it and see.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE IS VITAL TO PUBLIC MORALE

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

"I venture to predict that nothing could so break down public morale...as the stoppage of the public's morning cup of coffee," said a high-ranking naval official in testifying recently before the Senate Naval Affairs Committee (HB9218). Check "Right" above.

COFFEE INCREASES EFFICIENCY

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

In a recent scientific test, one group of stenographers, who were given coffee, wrote more words per minute and made fewer mistakes than the members of another group who were denied the helpful stimulation coffee invariably gives. Check "Right" above.

HAVEN'T YOU GOT "A THING TO WEAR"?



CHEER UP! What you need is another cup of coffee!

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough — a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.



Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world.
BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

AGILE MILLARD

Sirs:

My 7-months-old son, Millard, recently tried a novel way of getting out of his perambulator. I thought it quite

a bright idea and so did Millard. So he did it again—with the results pictured. I must confess I lifted him from the bar to keep him from falling.

MRS. VANCE MARKS
East Los Angeles, Calif.



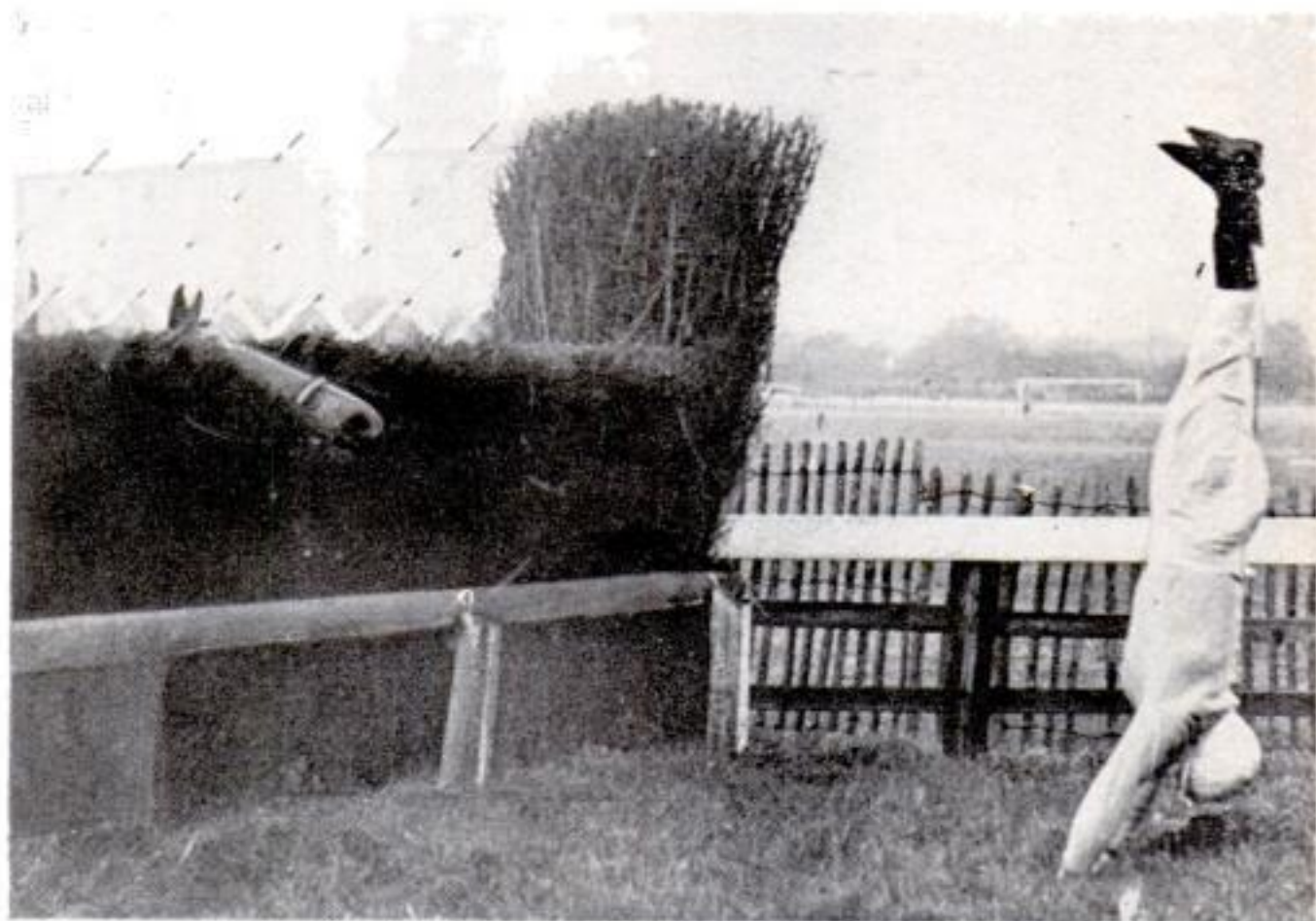
PEEKABOO CHIOS

Sirs:

The feat of Jockey C. Spares is something to be marveled at, but I think that his peekaboo steed, Chios, is the only

one who really sees the humor of the situation. Chios is the horse who stayed on the other side during the running of the Cotswold Steeplechase at Cheltenham.

BEN EVERETTS
London, England



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1-
I've never bought whiskey by "price"—that is never before. I've always insisted on Paul Jones, regardless of price, because it gave me the *DRYNESS*—the complete lack of sweetness—which I regard as a whiskey's prime virtue.

Now, of course, I'm delighted to get Paul Jones at its new low price... especially since none of its "expensive whiskey" qualities have been changed.

2-

I've often had to buy whiskey by "price"—so, before Paul Jones was reduced in cost, there were many occasions when I simply had to content myself with some other whiskey.

But at today's low price I can make every occasion a "special" one...and enjoy Paul Jones' swell *DRYNESS* and *all-whiskey* goodness all the time!

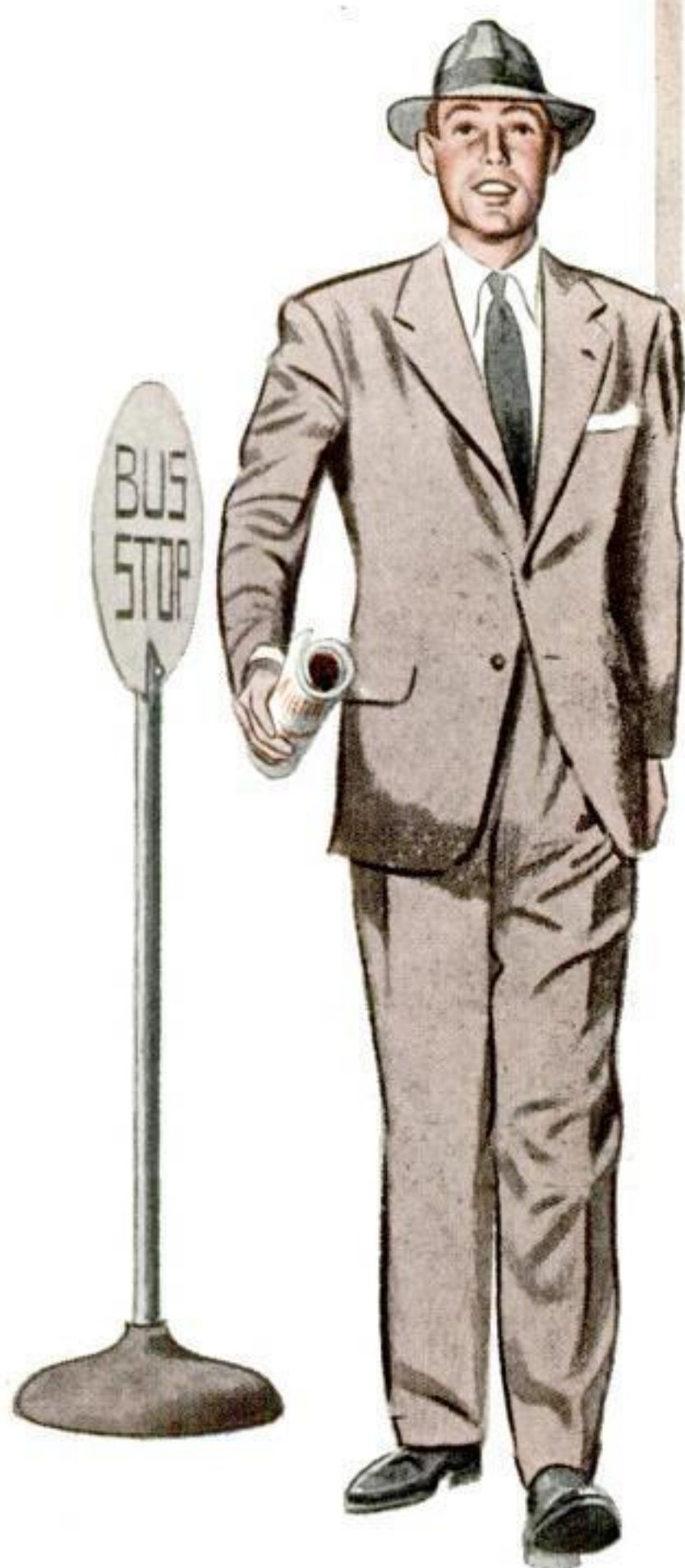
3 Men on a Price!



3-

I've always had to buy whiskey by "price"—and, in the past, that meant I wasn't able to afford Paul Jones. But I often wished I *could* afford it—wished I could enjoy its famous *DRYNESS*, its famous *all-whiskey* quality. And now, thanks to the big price reduction—I can!

Yes, at last my price buys my idea of whiskey...warranted exactly the same fine Paul Jones that used to be out of my reach. Take my advice and get Paul Jones for *your* money, too!



TRY
Paul Jones
AT ITS NEW LOW PRICE

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

*Those colorful, romantic days
of minstrels and river boats...when
a stormy love wrote the songs that
America took to its heart forever!*

IN
TECHNICOLOR

SWANEE RIVER

The Story of Stephen C. Foster, the Great American Troubadour

with
DON AMECHE • ANDREA LEEDS • AL JOLSON

FELIX BRESSART • CHICK CHANDLER
RUSSELL HICKS • GEORGE REED
and HALL JOHNSON CHOIR

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • Associate Producer Kenneth
Macgowan • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote and Philip Dunne

DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

OH, SUSANNA

OLD BLACK JOE

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

SWANEE RIVER (OLD FOLKS AT HOME)

JEANIE WITH THE LIGHT BROWN HAIR

CAMPTOWN RACES

"Gentlemen, be seated!"